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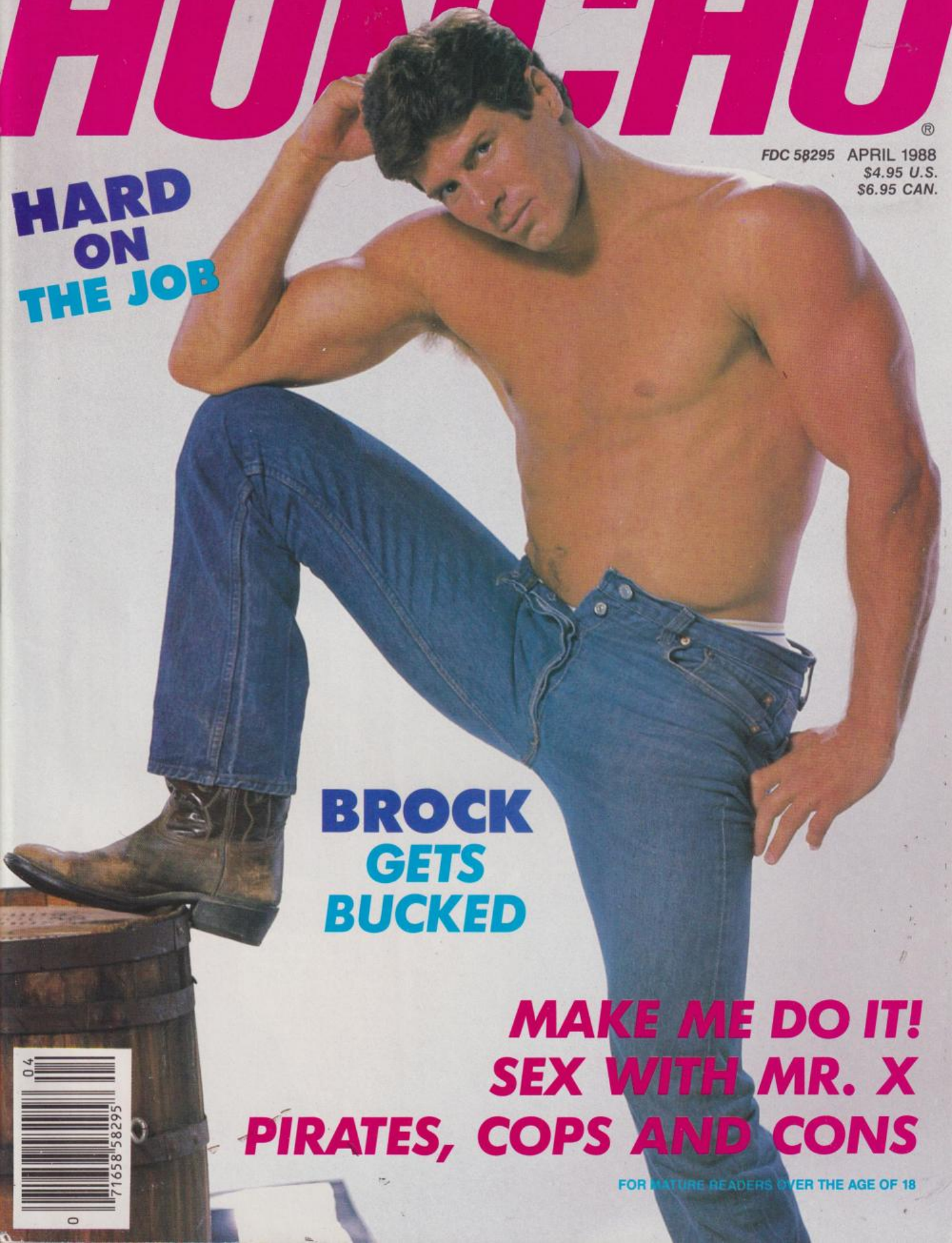

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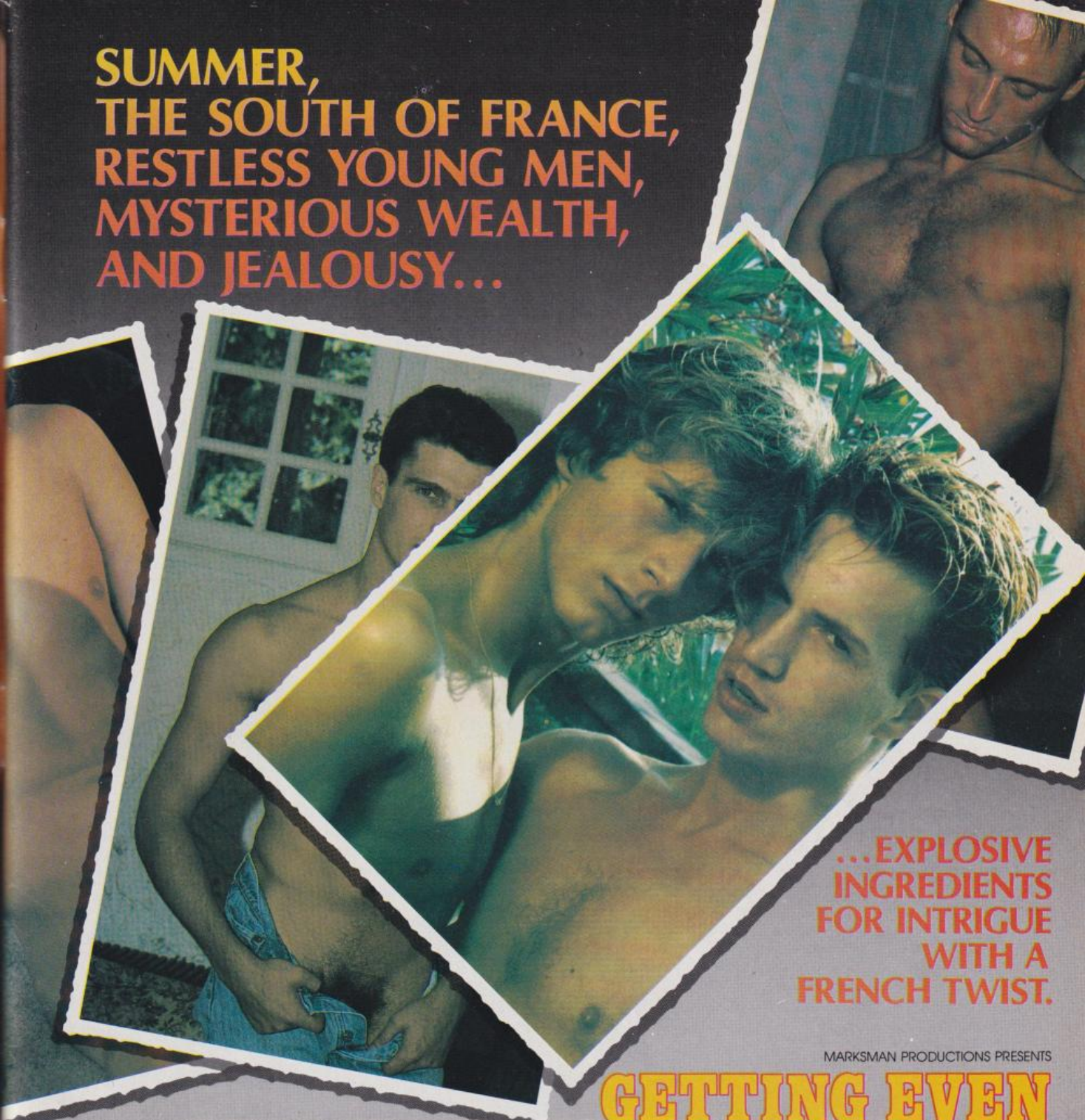

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CONTENTS

5 FICTION: PRISONER OF LOVE
11 FICTION: MOUNTAIN WATERFALL
13 NUDE: SMOKEY
21 FICTION: COP FUCKED
29 NUDE: MR. X
37 FICTION: THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT
41 NUDE: BRONCO BROCK
51 FICTION: SUMMERTIME AND SOME ARE HOT
52 NUDE: SMOOTH TALKER
57 FICTION: THE RELUCTANT PIRATE
61 NUDE: HARD JOB
77 NUDE: HOT FOR IT
89 NUDE: FRIEND IN NEED

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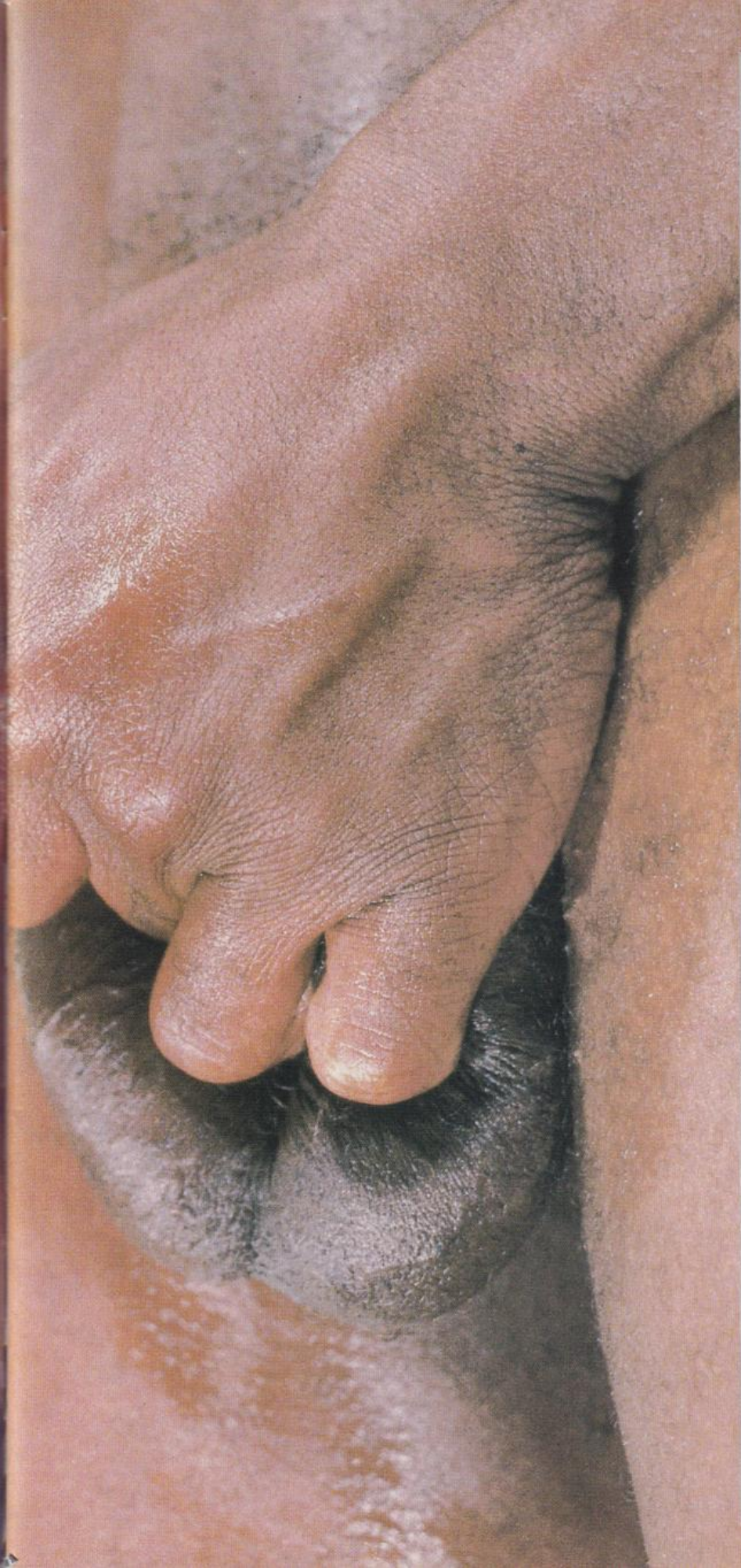
PRISONER of LOVE

He stepped out of the supporter and spread his legs about three feet apart. He held my head like a bowling ball, positioning it directly in front of his crotch. Enormous fuzzy brown balls protruded from kinky black crotch hair. "You need a map, cunt?" he barked.



By Alain Charles

I'm basically an honest guy, but during a lean period a while back I passed a bad check. Okay, okay, *a few* bad checks. It was a first offense, not counting a small misdemeanor for loitering (I really *was* taking a leak in that men's room, but my defense of entrapment went over like a lead balloon). My luck to get a hanging judge. Sentence: six months in the local pen.

My cellmate, actually my original cellmate, Horace ("That's Horace, honey, not Harlot"), was a black transvestite who took one look at me and shrieked, "Oh, honeychile, you in for one helluva time. I hope you got some corks for that pussy of yours. You pretty. You *very* pretty. Evah done drag, sugah?"

My first few days of imprisonment were semi-eventful from the stories I'd heard. I was leered at and groped in the shower on one occasion and foced to suck off two rough numbers on another. Then one evening in our cell, Horace affectionately ran his long, manicured fingers through my curly blond hair and suggested I seek "protection." He educated me about prison life, and I decided to take his advice.

"Shoot for the top, honeychile. I hear Lorenzo is looking for a new piece. He's the toughest dude in these parts. You connect with him and you safe."

Like an alien from another planet, I naively replied, "But do I have to have sex with him?"

Horace looked me up and down, then shook his head from side to side and laughed. He slapped me hard on the ass, then said sympathetically, "We talkin' barter, baby. What else you got to sell? Accept sex as a given. It's the violence you got to control. Whether you give your cherry or it's taken is up to you. Rape ain't very romantic. You one pretty young chicken, and we don't wanna see you come outta here all marked up—or worse!"

"Where can I find this Lorenzo, Horace?"

"He usually be working out in the exercise yard in the afternoon with his entourage."

I lay down on my cot and looked at the peeling paint on the ceiling. I cursed my stupidity to now find myself in prison and this situation. Rape fantasies, I discovered, belong only to the rapist, not the victim.

The afternoon of the following day was sunny and warm, and many inmates, were exercising in the yard. In one corner across the almost grassless field, a few muscular hulks were working out with weights around the one press bench. I swallowed hard and walked over, joining the few spectators who watched.

"Which one is Lorenzo?" I whispered to a small wiry inmate.

He said nothing but pointed to a large, dark-skinned figure holding what must have been a 400-pound barbell over his head. A thick leather belt girdled his waist. With his back towards me, he lowered the weight to the ground. His already thick, muscular calves, thighs, and glutes throbbed from the "pump." His arms and shoulders ballooned around his white tanktop.

I waited a few seconds, and when he seemed to have regained his breath, I walked over. "Lorenzo?" I croaked.

Slightly turning his head, he gave me his profile and belched, "Huh?"

"Could I please talk to you about something?" I managed to get it out. He turned completely. Despite my five feet, ten inches, my eyes were only level with his huge, inflated nipples. I looked up, terrified, expecting to see King Kong. Instead, I uttered with complete surprise and sincerity. "They told me you were mean; they didn't tell me you were good-looking."

Lorenzo laughed heartily, baring good white teeth, flawed only by a chipped eye tooth. A close-cropped beard and moustache framed full, sensuous lips. His Hispanic name, I would learn, was from his black-Cuban ancestry. "What you want, blondie?" he barked as he looked me up and down.

I didn't want to make my proposition with his grinning buddies so close. "I-I-I'd like to talk to you about something." I said, nervously looking in the direction of his workout partners.

He understood. He put his large hand on my shoulder and walked me about twenty feet away from the group. "Whatchuwant, boy?" he muttered.

Boy? He couldn't be more than thirty. I guess his size made everyone else seem childlike to him. I looked at the ground, absent-mindedly focusing on a beetle meandering across the yard.

Lorenzo lifted my head with his hand under my chin. "Whatchuwant?" he repeated.

I melted under his gaze. "Protection. I want protection," I meekly uttered.

He feigned puzzlement. That's how I interpreted his smile.

I continued. "I've been attacked twice, though I haven't been..." I found it hard to say raped, violated seemed a might pretentious, and fucked connoted pleasure on my part.

"So you want protection. You want to *buy* protection?" He looked down at me knowingly and grinned. "Whatchu got to sell? Drugs?" He spit out sarcastically.

Before I could answer, a deafening buzzer went off, and a heavily amplified voice announced the end of the exercise period, concluding with, "Those who want to shower may do so now."

Lorenzo grabbed my ass. "Better yet, baby. Show me. Show me what *you* got to sell. I'd like to inspect the merchandise before buying. Maybe take a test drive." He laughed a nasty laugh.

In the quasi-locker room next to the shower room, Lorenzo winked at the guard, who quickly left. Then he backed me into a dimly lit corner, and his friends quickly surrounded us. I was petrified; every muscle in my body went limp. Lorenzo quickly stripped down to a khaki jockstrap. His big, muscular ass cheeks jutted out over the legbands of the supporter. His sweaty scent engulfed me, as did the smell of the half dozen bruisers who surrounded us. They rubbed their swelling cocks as they watched us. I was too afraid to look at his face, so I averted my gaze to the floor. But old habits are hard to break. As Lorenzo's large, veiny feet and columnar calves came into view, my eyes naturally roamed upwards. Sweat trickled down his massive thighs, at the top of which raisin-like tufts of hair sprouted. His protruding jock pouch verified that he was more than anatomically correct.

Finally he spoke. "Whatsa matter, boy? Need yo mamma to undress you?"

I looked up at him. His bare chest resembled an ancient molded-leather breast plate, with every muscle defined and idealized. But this was real flesh and blood.

He put his massive hand into his jock pouch and scratched his genitals, then barked, "Whatchu got to sell? I ain't got all day!"

I timidly pulled my T-shirt over my head. A shaft of sunlight lit my body like a spotlight as I stood in the dark corner, watched closely by the circle of rough bodybuilders. I dropped the shirt to the floor.

"Smooth," Lorenzo growled. "I like 'em smooth. And foxy." He reached over and pinched my nipples with such ferocity that I expected to see blood when I looked down. I bent to unlace my sneakers. "That's not necessary, boy. The pants, *the pants*!"

I fumbled terribly. Lorenzo quickly took over and instantly yanked my work pants and shorts to my ankles. I felt like a plucked chicken. He spun me around, keeping his hot hands on my shoulders. I could feel the sunlight, or maybe his gaze, roasting my exposed ass cheeks.

"Them's nice, blondie, real nice; smooth and unmarked. White as blow." He moved to my side and cupped one of my swimmer's pecs in his right hand, squeezing and massaging it. His left hand caressed my back, then moved slowly to my ass. "You really smooth, baby. What's your name, angel meat?"

"Randy." I answered.

Lorenzo smiled. "Randy? Mmmmm, I like Randy. A good name for a woman. How long you in for?"

"Six months, maybe less for good behavior," I answered timidly as his hand explored every millimeter of my ass, kneading, squeezing and occasionally pinching. I was surprised by his tenderness. A quick, sidelong glance on my part revealed an ever larger protrusion between his legs than was visible earlier. I watched his cockhead strain under the mesh jock pouch, and then I turned away. I said nothing as he fondled me, amazed that my own cock had started rising in this situation.

Lorenzo put his hand under my chin and raised my head to face him. There was a gentleness about his expression. I noticed some scars over one eye and a long welt near his ear as he lowered his face to mine. With his vise-like hand still on my ass, he slid his sandpapery tongue into my mouth. I worked it like a cock as he pressed his lips onto mine. His hand under my chin slid to my chest, then my abdomen, and finally my bush, which he rubbed and gently pulled.

When the kiss ended, he raised his head and looked down at my naked body. My stiff cock jerked and twitched. I felt guilty, as though I wasn't supposed to find this pleasurable.

He grabbed my cock and balls in one hand and squeezed them hard, snorting, "You got a lot of meat for a lady."

I surprised myself, joking, "Compared to what?"

He laughed, and I was grateful for the levity. And then silence. Deafening silence. He spun me around again. Turned away, I could hear him licking and sucking what I assumed to be a finger. Then without warning, he shoved the digit up my ass. I yelped, which caused gales of laughter in the locker room, Lorenzo's honks and snorts foremost and loudest.

"You tight, woman. I think we got a sale."

He turned me around and shoved me to my knees. I was completely humiliated. He pulled his pouch aside, letting his fully erect cockshaft hover above my face. A thick collar of retracted foreskin framed the glossy knob like a turtleneck sweater. I could see his barnyard balls undulating excitedly in the jock pouch.

He watched me, then whispered, almost

affectionatley, "Pull it down, baby. Pull it down."

He put a hand on my head and caressed my silky hair. I reached up and slid my fingers into the elastic waistband, then pulled the jockstrap from his hips to his ankles. He stepped out of the supporter and spread his legs about three feet apart. He held my head like a bowling ball, positioning it directly in front of his crotch. Enormous fuzzy brown balls protruded from kinky black crotch hair. They hung low from fold upon fold of fragrant scrotal leather and jiggled as he bucked his cockmeat against my face.

"You need a map, cunt?" he bark hostily. The he added, sarcastically, " 'scuse me. Randy."

I opened my mouth as wide as possible and engulfed the salty cockhead. Lorenzo slowly penetrated my mouth with shallow thrusts and groaned as my tongue slid around the tip of his penis. He raised his hands and put them against the wall as he rotated his muscular hips. I still felt like I was being appraised, and so I tried every cocksucking technique I had ever done, read about, or seen in a fuck film. But any attempts to deep-throat him were futile. He didn't seem to care. He moaned as he pumped. He fucked my face for about ten mintues, occasionally muttering, "Oh yeah," and my lips and tongue hugged his cock as tightly as a condom. Finally, emitting a nonhuman wail, he sprayed the roof of my mouth with the first burst of his thick semen. Unlike most men, who come with a quick orgasmic explosion, Lorenzo was a long, slow comer. He continued thrusting, groaning, and ejaculating for almost a minute.

He finally withdrew and pulled me up from the floor. Touching my face gently, he whispered, "Don't worry, baby, you'll be all right. You'll be with Lorenzo."

I pumped our cocks harder and faster, shooting my load across his monumental thigh. Lorenzo moaned. A large wad of opaque semen parted his long piss-slit, then slid down his cock and was quickly replaced by another wad at the tip. For what seemed like minutes, he groaned and quivered as his massive organ produced streams of slow-moving, steamy man lava.

I came to understand why the guard left when Lorenzo winked and how he could now arrange to have me transferred to his cell. Prisons need inmates like Lorenzo to put a rein on violence. The guards will look the other way and even grant privileges if necessary to keep the lid on.

When I told Horace the good news, he was as ecstatic as a mother hen, chirping, "My baby done gettin' married. And to the cock of the walk—and it be some cock from what I hear." He kissed me warmly, then whispered in my ear, "And sugah, if you can score me a little coke, I be mighty appreciative."

My transfer to Lorenzo's cell came the next day. It was located at the end of the next block. He was also provided with a makeshift curtain, made from a blanket, for his bars.

He greeted me coldly: "You keep the place clean and yourself cleaner."

He said nothing for the rest of the day. As night fell, I lay in my bunk on the top. The loudspeaker blasted, "Lights out," down the barracks. Lorenzo stood and stripped, and his musky smell filled the cell. The available corridor light silhouetted and backlit his glorious body. Facing the bars, he stretched, raising his gargantuan arms and squeezing his hulking flanks together. He lowered his arms and bent his knees to squat, issuing a long, thunderous fart as he did so. He picked up the curtain-blanket and hung it across the bars, then turned toward the bunks.

This was my first opportunity to see his cock limp. It was as thick as when it was erect, just shorter and softer. The unstretched foreskin hung completely over the head and continued down, forming a long, loose sleeve.

"Wanna see somethin', boy?"

"Sure." I answered, glad he had finally spoken.

He lifted me from the bunk and ordered me to knees. "Make a tight fist, Randy. Good and tight."

I raised my hand and clenched it. "L-l-like this Lorenzo?"

He said nothing, but reached over and put my fist between his mighty legs. Inserting his fingers under the foreskin, he stretched the folds and covered my fist with cockskin. An eerie warmth enveloped my hand.

He pulled his foreskin off my hand then laid down on the lower bunk. "Strip, Randy, and get on top of me."

I undressed and lay down on his hot, naked body. I was trembling at first, but his satiny skin and intense body heat soothed me like a mammoth hot water bottle.

He pressed my body into his, cupping my ass cheeks in his massive hands. "Play with my nipples," he whispered. "Use your mouth and hands."

The already huge pec tips swelled further as I pinched and bit them. I was now on my side, resting on my hip. Lorenzo spit in his hand and wrapped it around my exposed, throbbing cock as his other hand probed my ass crack and hole. He inserted a dry finger into me while his spit-wet hand slid up and down my cock. He raised his head, engulfing my ear in his mouth; his tongue caressed every fold.

I was experiencing great pleasure as he

whispered, "You're one pretty young piece, baby—tight ass, good meat. Just like I like 'em. Now you listen, and you listen good."

I was near orgasm, floating on a wave of ecstasy, when unexpectedly, he pushed me to the cold floor. He got out of bed and stood over me, resting his heavy cock on my head. Then he pulled me up with a strangle hold around my neck, almost choking me. With gritted teeth he barked, "I can kill you in here and even reach outside these walls when you outta here, dig?"

I nodded yes.

"What goes on between us goes with you to your grave. Which could be sooner than you think if you don't do right by Lorenzo."

He then picked me up and threw me back in bed. I lay there like a wounded animal. He approached and stroked my head. "Daddy got to protect himself, baby. That's all for tonight." He lay beside me and we went to sleep.

In the morning I awoke first—scared shitless. Lorenzo, beside me on the narrow bed, was uncovered and morning hard. He awoke, stretched in bed, then shook his cock.

"That's a mighty big hammer, Randy. Right? Lorenzo don't wanna hurt you. Play with it, baby. Here."

He reached under the bunk and produced a large jar, which he uncapped and handed to me. I sat up and oiled the monstrous brown organ. Lorenzo pulled me onto his chest. I sat on his gut, facing his crotch, as I pumped his prick.

"You do yours, too. That's okay, baby," he said tenderly.

I slid my slick hands up and down our cocks. From the corner of my eye I could see his large hand slide into the grease jar. He pushed me forward and eased his hand under me, locating my asshole and penetrating me with a rotating finger. He fingerfucked me for a while, then whispered, "Take it home, angel, take it home."

I pumped our cocks hard and faster, shooting my load across his monumental thigh. Lorenzo moaned. A large wad of opaque semen parted his long piss slit, then slid down his cock and was quickly replaced by another wad at the tip. For what seemed like minutes, he groaned and quivered as his massive organ produced streams of slow-moving, steamy man lava. Finally spent, he exhaled loudly and left me gawking at the Pacific of ejaculate on his belly.

Lorenzo reached up and mussed my hair. "Daddy ain't gonna hurt you," he said softly.

This was our routine every morning and night. With each new day, Lorenzo would insert more fingers up my ass while I jerked him off. When I could sit on four of his thick digits, we both knew I was ready for the big time. He slid them out and asked me to face him. I was genuinely excited and hot. He hadn't been violent since our first night, and I suspected he wanted, and needed, to keep his tender side hidden. I raised my hips, spread my ass cheeks, and eased myself onto his cock. My own hard prick jerked in spasms as Lorenzo reached full penetration. I rocked my hips, lifting my ass up and down over his bull meat.

"Don't hurt yourself, baby. That sure feels good." He groaned, then added, "Ain't had me no cream in a long time."

He surprised me when he lifted his massive torso and jerked me to orgasm, positioning my cock to shoot my load into his mouth. I remembered his words, "What goes on between us goes with you to your grave." Shit, I ain't no substitute woman. Lorenzo likes men. As I felt his warm ejaculate fill me, I wondered what other surprises his urges held for me.

Within six weeks I felt relaxed in my incarcerated environment. I was safe, and sex with my protector was certainly no chore; on occasion I would initiate it. I was never able to deep-throat Lorenzo's killer, but I sure had some good times trying. I lapped up that quality prickmeat whenever possible.

"The balls, Randy, work the balls," he gasped as I sucked him one night.

He spread his legs and bent his knees as I filled my mouth with his catcher's mit of a scrotal sac. Suddenly, he threw his legs over his head. I had never seen such an incredible expanse of male crotch—or Lorenzo in this position.

"Lick the slit, baby. Tongue-fuck your papa."

I obeyed without prodding; bodybuilders are clean, and his moist, pink ass lips twitching through his black ass crack fur were mighty inviting. He reached under the bunk for the jar and handed it to me. I was stunned.

Raising his head, he looked me straight in the eye and said, "You got it all, baby—smooth, tight ass, big meat. Lorenzo done waited a long time for the likes of you. Don't want no pussy cock. Now show your daddy what a man you be."

As I penetrated this mountain of man, he put his hands under his head and asked me to jerk him off while I fucked him. This would become the major part of our sex menu, and I suspected that this brutish, violent prison topman was a bottom at heart. Certainly no crime. On lazy, rainy afternoons, he'd lie there for hours, naked with spread legs raised and eyes closed, giving me orders like I was human sex machine. As I fucked and masturbated him simultaneously, he'd groan, "Fuck faster, baby, stroke slower. Just fuck. Just stroke." And the inevitable, "Now give your cream to daddy and take me home." I'd withdraw, and he'd lower his legs and grease his long fuck finger. When I walked to the head of the bunk, he'd slide the digit up my ass, convinced that massaging the prostate produced more semen. We'd smile at each other as I stroked my meat to climax, shooting the man cream Lorenzo craved into his mouth. He'd roll the sweet-salty fluids around in his mouth while I jerked him to orgasm. Then he'd swallow with a loud gulp. He was tender and loving and, with very little effort, I became emotionally involved and always hungry for his body.

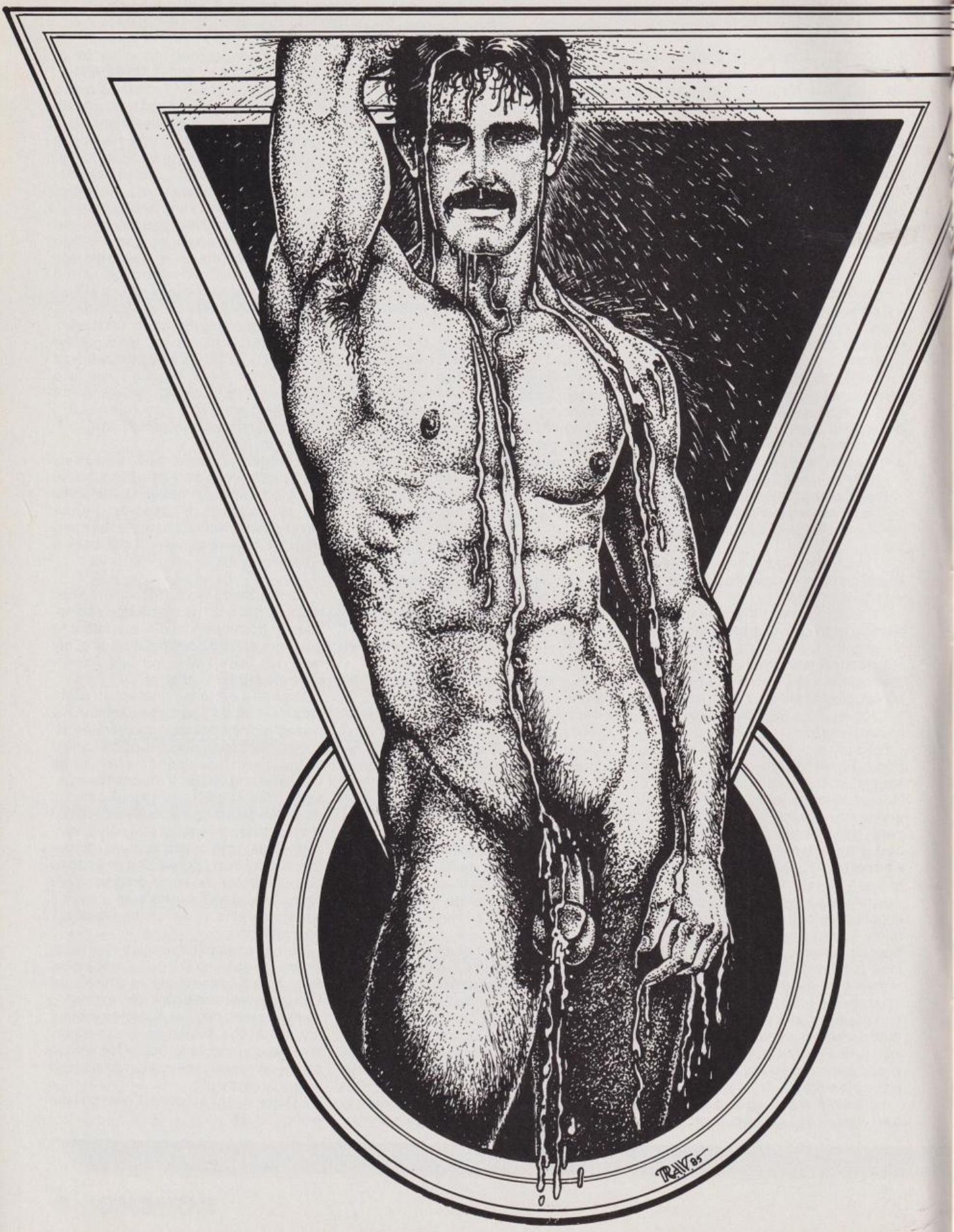
I did right by Lorenzo, and he made my life in prison much more than tolerable. He thought my behavior was good, and so did the parole board. I lucked out in four months. I was miserable. I wrote him many letters. Occasionally he'd send back a postcard, simply worded: "Miss ya."

For financial reasons, my roommate had replaced me, and I was forced to move frequently from one friend's apartment to another until I could afford a place of my own. No easy feat. One odd, going-nowhere job led to another.

Then on a wet lonely afternoon, I stumbled into Macy's. I had three bucks in my pocket and nine dollars in my checking account. I had nothing much to do and drifted to the electronics floor to watch some television and videos. If I had still been incarcerated, I thought, this was the kind of day I'd be servicing my man—for hours. I stared at the screens but saw only Lorenzo's widespread crotch ready to receive me. A salesman approached and began his spiel about the home entertainment center I was standing in front of. "...and it's a real steal at fourteen hundred dollars," he concluded.

I turned and looked into his beady eyes. An idea lit up in my brain and sent a glow to my face. I smiled at him as a picture of Lorenzo's impossible cock slowly spraying semen over his god-like abdomen entered my mind. The salesman assumed my smile was a positive response to his pitch and he continued, "It was just reduced this week. Great buy!"

"Damn right!" I replied. "Will you take a check?" ■



MOUNTAIN WATERFALL

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD A. WHITE

Gavin stood with his feet spread wide apart, soaping himself in the shower. Maurice, the man two nozzles down, was rinsing his long, lean body when he first heard Gavin's voice, a coarse, low murmur. The sound alone kindled a flame under Maurice's ballsac, and when he saw the man connected to the voice, the flame began to roar. He quickly turned away, afraid of getting hard right there in the shower room.

The voice echoed the passage of thousands of cigarettes through Gavin's throat, and gallons of whiskey; at least it sounded that way to Maurice. It had a raspy quality that hinted of a hearty, bellowing laugh, and almost as soon as Maurice was contemplating this, Gavin erupted with just that kind of laughter. It was what you hear in the saloon scenes in John Ford Westerns, a rippling wave of good-natured howling without an ounce of derision; the man was having himself a damned good time, but at no one's expense.

There were three men clustered around Gavin, all members of the Manhattan Health and Racquet Club, all in great shape for men in their late thirties. But the object of Maurice's budding obsession was by far in the best shape. He was a husky, broad-backed hunk of about forty, from Texas originally, according to his accent. It occurred to Maurice that men always seem to know who the great beauty is in their group, even if they don't admit it, and the husky blond was the natural centerpiece of this foursome. His humor, his warmth, and his unabashed rugged maleness would make him stand out in any crowd. His gray eyes squinted, rolled, and danced as he told stories and jokes to his buddies.

Maurice strained to hear, but because of the incessant hissing of the showers, he could barely make out what was being said. The Texan, rinsing off his thick thighs now, was saying something like, "...so they gave my dad the driving test—again. Just 'cause he'd bumped a trash can while he was watching a skirt go by."

He laughed, and the others laughed with him. Then they began to turn off the showers and step back to reach for their towels and dry off, all the while watching and listening to the Texan. Not one of them seemed gay, and except for Mr. Texas they were all wearing wedding bands, Maurice noticed. But each of them stole the occasional glance at the blond's body, and there were frequent slaps of his wide shoulders and swats of his big butt.

"I gotta dash," the guy finally said. "Get outta here, now, and lemme finish in peace. See y'all next week."

Respectfully, if reluctantly, the three hangers-on departed, and Maurice turned away, afraid that without the distraction of the other men, his cock might respond to the sight of the blond's flopping, uncut cock.

Gavin hummed to himself for a while, then turned to Maurice and said, "Water feels nice flowin' over ya, huh?"

Maurice turned to face the man, who was unashamedly looking Maurice up and down, taking everything in, especially Maurice's swelling cock. The perusal was not missed by its object; Maurice knew now that he didn't need to worry about what was happening between his legs.

Finally, he remembered to answer the man's question. "Yeah, the running water soothes me, gets rid of the knots I get in my shoulders from handball."

The blond nodded his agreement, at the same time running a wide palm under the crack of his ass, soaping it, flopping his balls around. "Y'oughta feel the water fresh from a mountain, shootin' over the rocks and crashin' down on ya, so fuckin' cold it makes your balls slip up to your navel."

"I was raised in New England, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, but I've always liked my showers heated."

Gavin rinsed the soap out of his asshole, turning his back and spreading his square-cut butt so that his dark-brown nest of fur peeked out. When he turned back, he saw how much Maurice's log had thickened—a perfect WASP

He swatted Maurice's butt and grinned, and Maurice grinned back, his cock waving about as he dried his back. Suddenly Gavin fell to his knees and gave Maurice's cock a lick, then quickly stood again. After all, they were in an "openly straight" health club, not a gay gym.

cock, long and lean with very few veins showing. It was like a bee's-wax candle, except instead of a wick at the end there was a bright-pink knob. Shaking the water from his hair, Gavin asked, "Y'ever get back up to the mountains?"

Maurice ran his hands down the front of his washboard stomach. "Not for years. When my folks died, it was the last connection I had with New Hampshire. I don't really miss it. I love the city. All those years in the woods made me crave urban life. I don't even go away on vacation that often. I like spending the holidays here—nice and quiet with all the trolls out of town."

"Listen to *you*. I wonder what you'd say behind *my* back."

"I'd say, 'Some great body that old man's got. . .'"

Gavin feigned offense. Then he laughed, bending over slightly so that Maurice saw that his hair was starting to thin in the center of his scalp.

"'. . . and it's too bad his hair isn't as thick as his waist,'" Maurice went on.

"That's some mouth you've got on you," said Gavin. "But I don't mind it."

"A lot better than that dull bunch of good ole boys who stand around staring at your cock, then hurry home and fuck their wives while they're still half hard, huh?"

"Man, you're a devil." Gavin reached for his towel and started drying off, keeping an eye on Maurice, who was almost fully hard now.

"I hope you realize I'm just having fun with you," said Maurice. "No harm done, huh?"

Gavin tugged at Maurice's sausage and said, "No harm done. . . yet. Feels good to relax with someone and be myself, without a bunch of dewy-eyed breeders crowded around me. Jesus, now ya got *me* talkin' sarcastic!"

He swatted Maurice's butt and grinned, and Maurice grinned back, his cock waving about as he dried his back. Suddenly Gavin fell to his knees and gave Maurice's cock a lick, then quickly stood again. After all, they were in an "openly straight" health club, not a gay gym.

"Look, I have a small cabin in an isolated spot up in the White Mountains," said Gavin, "and I have plans to spend a long weekend there. Whaddya say you keep me company? No strings. If we don't catch fire, there's two beds."

"You want me to leave the city on a beautiful weekend in June, with all those semi-attractive men coming in from New Jersey?" Maurice laughed. "Gladly."

Maurice was always amazed at how quickly life in New York could take a new turn. He'd gotten so used to the games at The Saint and the Chelsea bars that this warm, open, friendly Texan was a welcome breath of fresh air. During the seven-hour drive up to the mountains, they got to know each other quite well, telling each other the story of their lives at a nice, relaxed pace. It wasn't till they were almost to the cabin that the conversation turned to sex.

"So what do you like to do in bed, Gavin?"

The Texas hunk looked over from the driver's seat and ran his hand over Maurice's thigh. "I don't think I've said no to much, my friend. 'Cept shit. Can't stand the smell."

"I'm with you there. Other than that, I'm up for whatever. I'm yours."

Gavin grinned. "Oh, yeah? How 'bout bein' bossed around a little? Ya like that?"

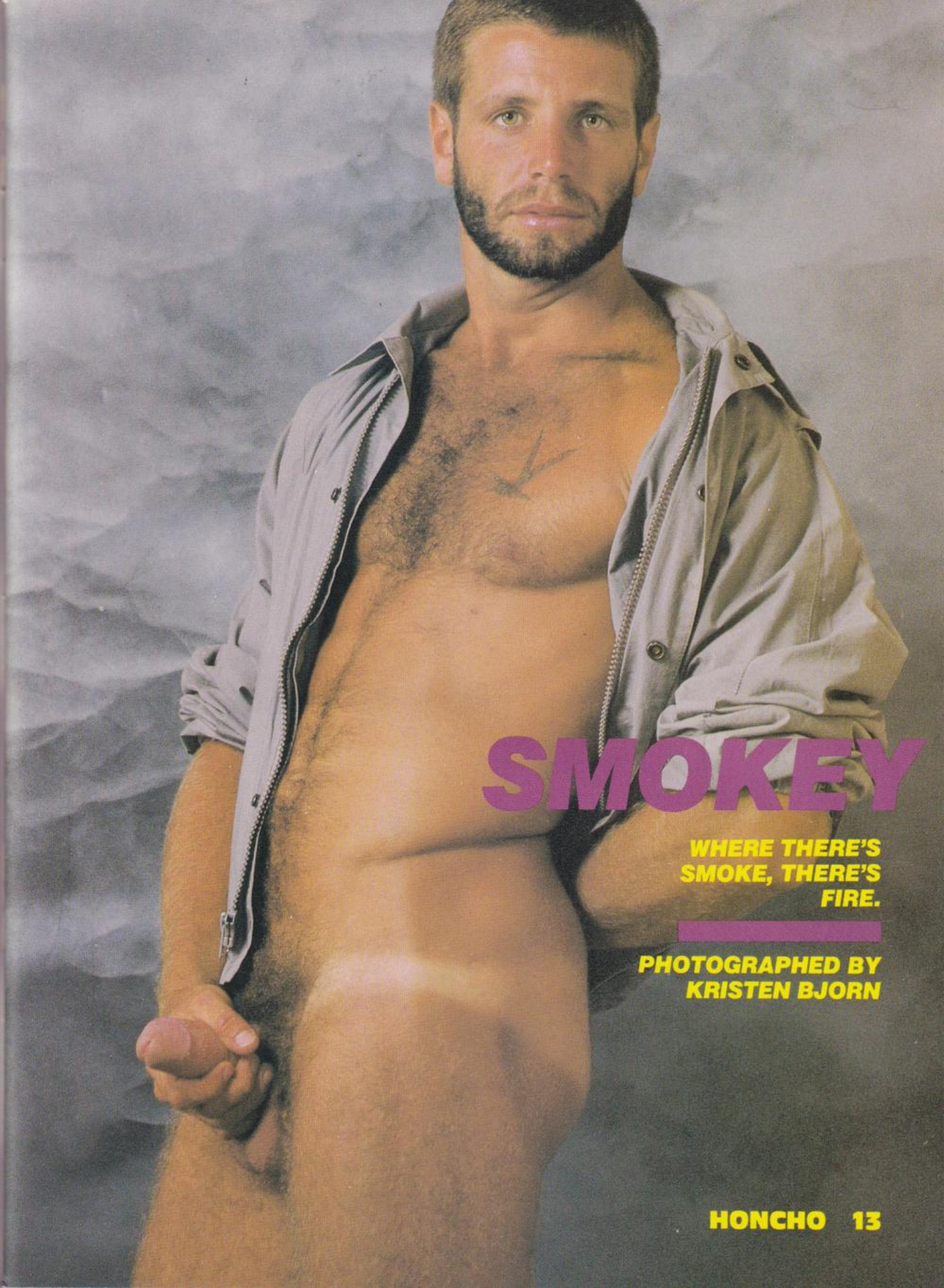
"Sure. With the right boss."

The cabin was a weathered gray on the outside and looked kind of small, but inside it was bright and cozy and quite roomy. It was a single open space with a small cooking area at the rear, and there was a granite fireplace along one side wall. As Gavin had promised, there were two beds, both large and covered with thick down comforters. From the delicacy of the stitching, Maurice could tell they were handmade, from hundreds of cotton and silk scraps. In front of the fireplace was a padded coverlet, and there were two wide sofas of faded brown corduroy sat on either side of the hearth. Maurice was impressed, and given his characteristically elitist attitude, that was saying a great deal.

Gavin set about making the fire, and Maurice made himself useful by putting away the beers and wine and food and generally getting everything squared away in the kitchen. By the time he was done, the fire was blazing and Gavin was lying bare-assed in front of it, sipping a beer. He held one out to Maurice, who took it, sipped, and started stripping.

As he did so, he studied Gavin. The man's body could have belonged to a lumberjack. It was thick with well-defined muscles, but it didn't look gym-defined; it looked natural. He had a few tufts of red-blond chest hair, a thin line of fur ran

CONTINUED TO PAGE 71

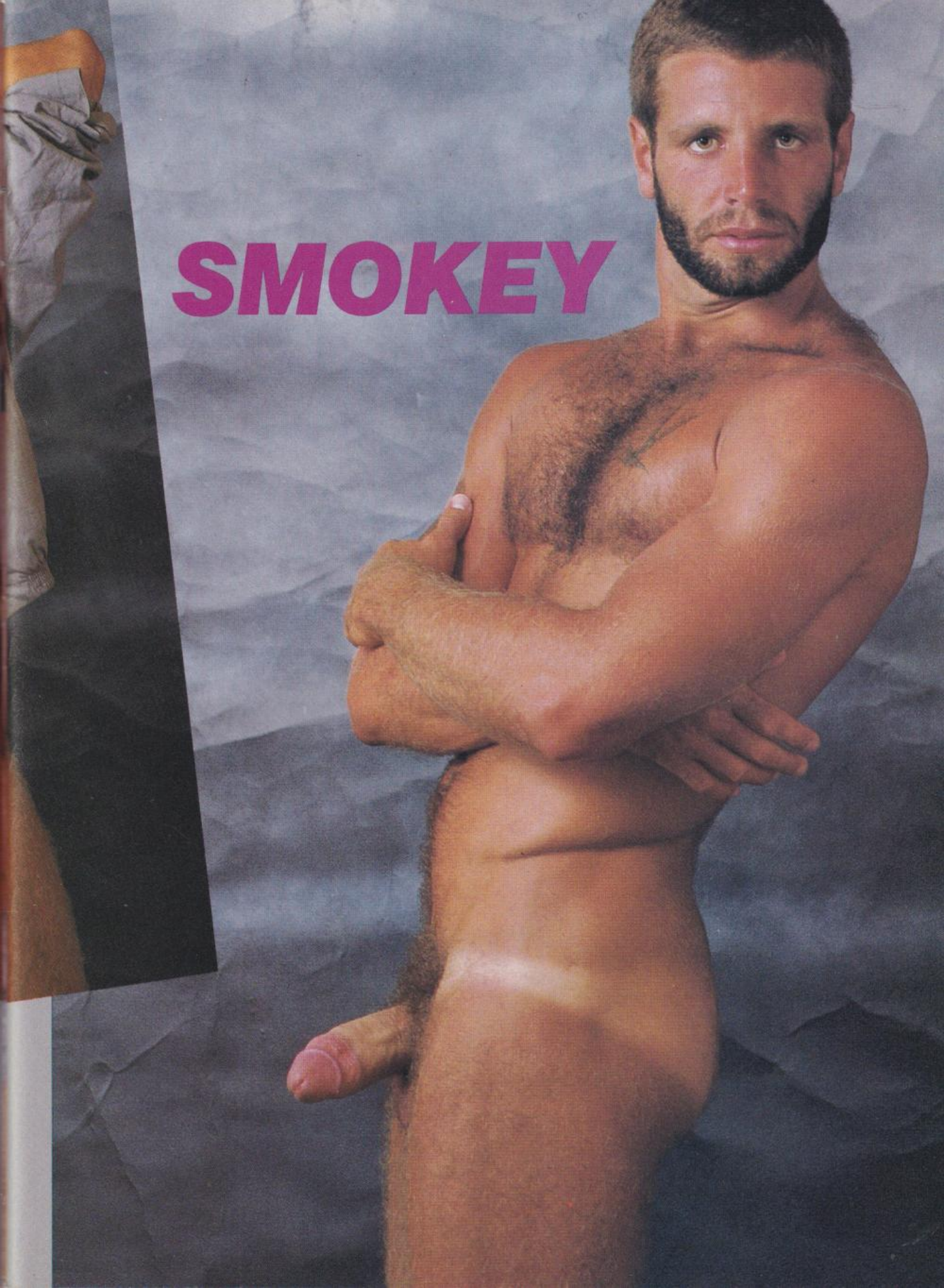


SMOKEY

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE.

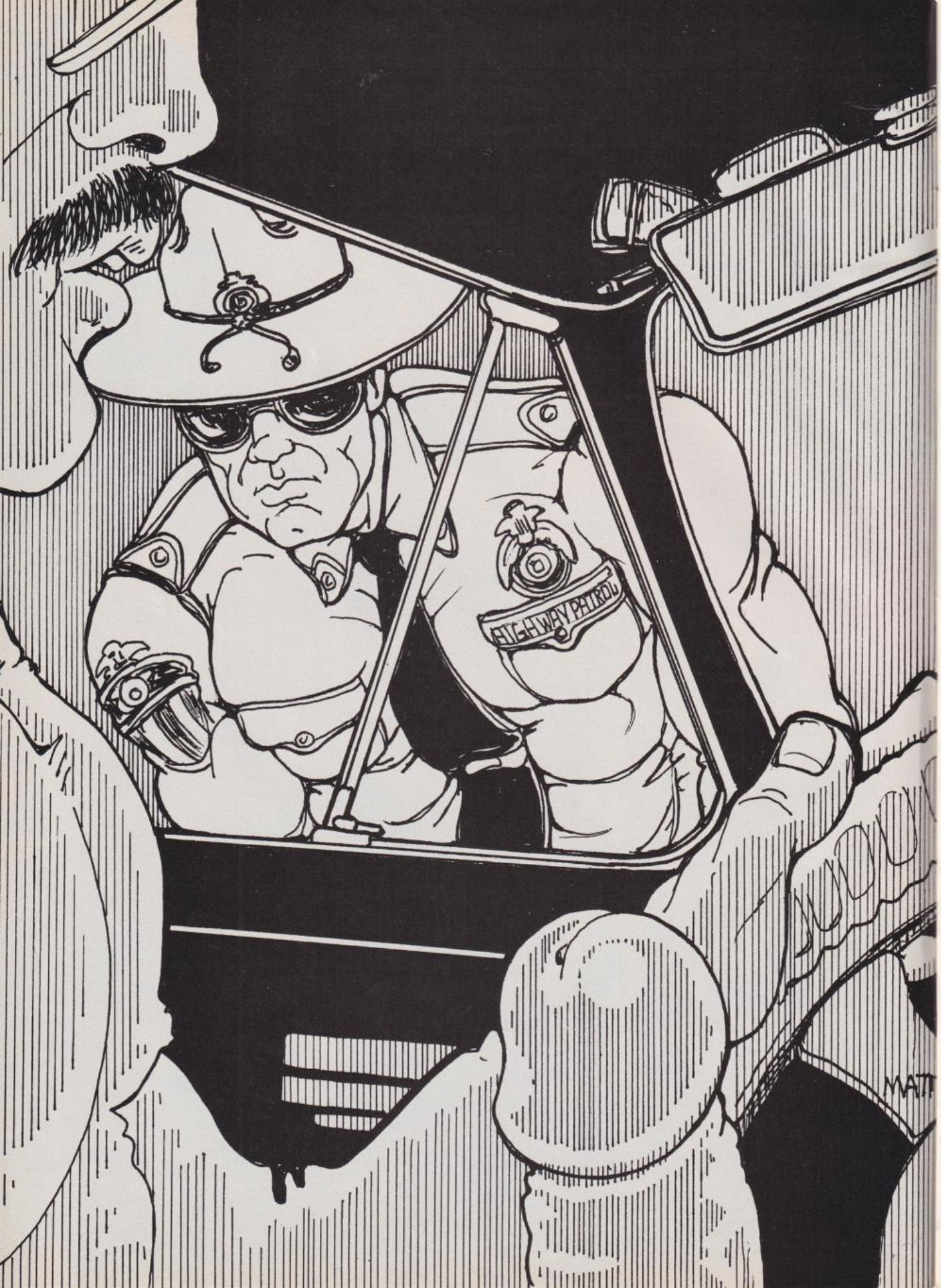
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTEN BJORN

THIS GUYS IS
HEATING UP.


SMOKEY

SMOKEY

FAN THE FLAMES AND
GET HIM HOTTER.


HIGHWAY PATROL

COP FUCKED

BY BUD O'DONNELL • ART BY MATT

Dr. Ryan "Rod" O'Donovan, psychologist, author, and lecturer, was hornier than a fifteen-point elk. When the governor had asked him to act as chief consultant on the reorganization of the state's mental health program, he never dreamed it would require him to live the life of a monk for weeks on end. And the fact that he had been invited to be a house guest at the executive mansion only made things worse. Whenever he left the grounds, it was by chauffeured limousine, with every destination recorded. He felt more like a man under house arrest than the governor's special guest.

For a month, Ryan's only sexual partners had been the naked, well-hung studs he found on the pages of his latest copies of *Honcho, Mandate*, and *Playguy*. He got off with these hunks as he sat on the toilet in his guest suite and whacked the hell out of his big Irish cock.

At last, his consulting work was done, and so was the cocktail party given in his honor. Ryan didn't think twice about starting his trip home at three A.M. on a Saturday. He couldn't wait to jump into bed with his lover for some old-fashioned, down-home cocksucking and ass-fucking. He was so excited, in fact, that he knew he'd have to jack off before he left or he'd be driving with a dripping hard-on.

He hurried to his guest suite, stripped, and stepped under the hot shower. He lathered his pubes and began to stroke his long, thick dick. As it stretched and hardened, his thoughts focused on the anticipation of sex with his lover. Ryan had met the handsome bottom at the baths on Bob's twenty-fifth birthday, over two years ago. As his first present to Bob Walker, Rod had rocketed his thick nine inches into the tight confines of Bob's ass at least half a dozen times that night.

Sexually, the two men were a perfect pair. Rod loved to suck cock, get sucked, and fuck ass. Bob also loved to suck and get sucked. But his number-one priority was to have a big cock up his greedy ass. There were rare times when Bob needed to be top-man, and then it was Ryan who would turn his ass up for a good plowing by Bob's big dick. Ryan had no hang-ups over who was to take what sexual position. But it was a fact that his ass did not have the elasticity most asses had, and so getting fucked was never the

The trooper grabbed his crotch, shook it, and said, "Hey, buddy, I think we've hit pay dirt with this dude." "How's that?" the blond cop asked. "Well, first off, he's one helluva hot-looking stud. Second, unless my eyes are going bad, he's got enough meat in his crotch to put a horse to shame."

ecstatic experience for him that it was for his lover. Rod had always envied his lover's ability to provide a top with such a thoroughly enjoyable fuck and at the same time have a ball-draining orgasm himself.

Ryan began stroking his cock harder and faster, and his nuts drew closer to his body, as thoughts of his last fuck session with Bob filled his brain. His body stiffened, and then suddenly jet after jet of thick, white stud suds shot out of him and smashed against the tiled wall. As the spasms slowed, his cock belched the remaining cum onto his fist.

He turned the spray onto the wall and watched the pasty sperm slither down into the tub, where they were swirled around then sucked into the throat of the drain. He soaped himself again, rinsed, and quickly dried off, then walked back into the bedroom and began throwing his things into suitcases.

He packed everything except the light-gray warm-up suit he was going to travel in. He liked the way the soft fabric hugged his muscular body and highlighted his massive genitals with enough shadows to give any basket-watching size queen delirium tremens. He dressed, slipped on his deck shoes, and called the servants' quarters. While he waited for someone to help with his luggage, he remembered the two fuck books he'd hidden under the mattress of his bed. He pulled them out and stuck them into the fold of a newspaper, which he tucked under his arm. The porter carried the luggage to the garage and helped Rod load them into the back of his Honda. He lay the newspaper-covered magazines on the passenger seat and was soon driving through the guarded iron gates of the executive mansion. He felt like a man who had just received a pardon from a long-term prison sentence.

He was on the freeway by quarter of four. He leveled his speed to fifty-five and pushed a cassette into the deck. When the tape had played through, he popped it out and was about to insert another. Then he noticed the flashing lights of a police car quickly closing in behind him. "Oh, shit!" he muttered, glancing at the speedometer. He was within the legal limit, so why was he being stopped. He braked and pulled onto the shoulder of the highway, the headlight of the cop car glared behind him. He watched the troopers get out. One remained by the patrol car; the other approached Ryan's side of the Honda.

As Ryan rolled the window down, the first thing to greet his eyes was the sizable bulge pushing out against the fly of the trooper's snug, beige-colored uniform pants. In spite of his apprehension, Ryan's prick began to stiffen.

The trooper noticed the perplexed look on Ryan's face and quickly said, "Relax, Sir, you're not being arrested."

"That's good to hear," Ryan replied, watching closely as the officer bent down to look inside the car.

The trooper was one handsome hunk of man. The smile he threw at Ryan would have given a hard-on to a marble statue, and Ryan was no marble statue. The cop did a bit of looking himself, glancing down at Ryan's crotch and then over into the interior of the car. The smile disappeared as he pulled away from the window.

"Excuse me just a moment, Sir." With that he turned away and walked back to the patrol car.

Ryan glanced over at the passenger seat—and nearly had a coronary. The fuck books were lying right out in the open. They had slid from their hiding place in the fold of the newspaper when Ryan braked the car and pulled over to the shoulder. Sweat beaded in his armpits and ran down his sides as he slipped the books back inside into the paper.

Meantime, the trooper had returned to his partner. He grabbed his crotch, shook it, and said, "Hey, buddy, I think we've hit pay dirt with this dude."

"How's that?" the blond cop asked.

"Well, first off, he's one helluva hot-looking stud. Second, unless my eyes are going bad, he's got enough meat in his crotch to put a horse to shame."

"So what makes you think he'd be interested in a little action with two horny cops?"

The black-haired cop gave his partner a shit-eating grin and said, "He had two gay fuck books on the passenger seat. I think he might be willing to rev up our motors with his big gear shift, especially my rear-end transmission."

"Well, let's go check him out then."

Ryan could see only the darkened silhouettes of the troopers as they approached his car. The dark-haired cop looked to be about six feet; the other one was easily six, three. It was the taller cop of the two, the blond, who approached Ryan's side of the car this time. He laid his long-fingered, hairy hands on the window ledge, and Rod immediately noticed the unusual gold-patterned ring. He'd seen a ring like that before. He'd seen *that* ring before!

His head shot out of the window, and his nose nearly rammed into the fly of the cop's pants. He looked up and let out one whoop. "Eric! Oh my God! It's me, Rod, from the Stable. I subbed on your water volley ball team,

MATT

Great Gay Fiction *from* John Preston

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COP FUCKED

"You mean the one who fucks like a mink?" Bill said with a grin, "and who really got his name 'Rod' from the fact that he's got a dick like an elephant?"

Eric laughed. "Rod, that crazy man there is my hot and horny partner. No, he's really more than that—he's my lover. His name is Bill Marconi."

Rod reached across the car roof and gripped Bill's hand firmly. "You are one very lucky man, Bill. If I'd known this guy was available, I'd have grabbed him and hog-tied him to my bedpost."

Still shaking Rod's hand, Bill said, "I think the feeling is kind of mutual on Eric's part. If he hadn't been so much in the closet back then, he'd probably be introducing *you* as his lover."

Meantime, Eric's hand was stroking Rod's hard cock under the soft, stretchy warm-up pants. Bill didn't miss a thing. He looked across at the two men and asked, "Are you two going to jack each other until you shoot off in your pants, or can a third party join the fun?"

Eric and Rod laughed and walked around to the side of the car where Bill stood.

Bill immediately grabbed hold of Rod's erection, which was tenting out his pants. "Wow! Could a guy have a feast with this thing! What a fucking hunk of meat!"

"If you want to try it out for size, it's okay by me," said Eric.

"Me, too!" said Rod.

The three men walked to the off-the-highway side of the patrol car, and Bill opened both doors, took a mat from the floorboard, and knelt. He pulled Ryan's pants down his hairy legs, captured the oozing cockhead in his mouth, then reached over and unzipped Eric's fly. He hauled out his lover's big prick, jammed it into his mouth, and began sucking off both men at the same time.

Rod was so worked up that it took only a few seconds of that hot mouth on his cock—and his old friend's cock rubbing against his—before he delivered a load of thick cream down Bill's throat. "My turn," Rod said, chaging places with Bill and taking

Eric's salami down this throat.

He alternated between the two cops until Eric called a halt to the action. "Rod, get in your car and follow us."

Eric led the way off the freeway and down a country road, then pulled the police car behind some tall bushes, Rod following, right behind. In record-breaking time, the three men were buck-ass naked, lying the soft grass, twisted up in a wild daisy chain. After Rod had sucked down Eric's load, he shifted his body and swallowed Bill's fat cock. Bill went nearly berserk over the blow-job he was getting while at the same time sucking on the biggest cock he'd ever had. Eric knelt behind Rod and licked at his balls while his lover continued to suck the man's cock. Rod was soon rewarded with a monster load of Bill's fuck juice, which he gulped down greedily.

Eric crawled up alongside Rod, who was licking the dregs of cum from Bill's cock. "Rod, I've just got to feel that big cock of yours up my ass at least one more time."

Before Rod could answer, Bill had pulled his mouth off Rod's prick and gasped, "Me first!"

"Let me get some lube, and I'll be happy to fuck both of your asses," Rod said.

When he returned from his car, he found the two cops lying on their sides, heavily involved in some serious sixty-nining. Rod lay down behind Bill, worked some grease into the cop's crack, then lubed his own cock. Eric lifted Bill's leg and took hold of Rod's meat. While continuing to suck his lover's dick, the blond cop aimed the head of Rod's prick at Bill's hairy ass pucker. When Bill felt the cock against his asshole, he pushed back, and Rod thrust forward, and the elephant prick went in all the way to the hilt.

Rod began the fuck gently but was soon reaming out Bill's ass with long, powerful strokes. Bill groaned and moaned and sucked on Eric's cock like a wild man. Rod deliberately held off his ejaculation, because he really wanted to plug Eric's hot butt again before he shot.

After a few minutes, Bill could take the pounding no longer. His ass muscles clutched at Rod's enormous shaft, and he grunted as his load shot from his dick, deep into his lover's throat. Then he pulled his mouth off Eric's cock and just lay there, completely spent.

Rod climbed over Bill to where Eric lay with his knees bent and his legs spread. Eric raised up and hooked his knees over his old friend's shoulders, and Rod took the lube and greased both his cock and Eric's ass. Then Eric reached back and guided the head home. Rod pushed gently, allowing the cop's ass to accept his cock at its own pace. He looked down at the gorgeous hunk of man below him and watched his cock disappear. Eric's hard, muscular, hairy body had always turned him on, and he wanted the cop to get as much pleasure from this fuck as he was getting. He remembered that Eric really got off on having his cock sucked by the same guy who was fucking him. By arching his body, Rod was able to capture the head and about three inches of Eric's shaft between his lips.

"Ooohhh!" Eric gasped, as he looked between his raised legs and saw his cock sink into Rod's mouth at the same time that Rod's cock was sinking deeper into his guts. Just a few minutes of that double sensation brought Eric to the brink of orgasm. He grunted, thrust his pelvis up and rammed more of his cock into Rod's mouth, and shot off.

As soon as Rod had sucked the cop dry, he raised up and folded Eric nearly in half, assumed push-up position and began slamming into Eric's ass like a well-oiled piston. After a series of lightning-quick, full-depth thrusts, Rod sank his entire shaft into Eric's clutching ass and spewed out his load.

While Rod lay on the blanket catching his breath, he was hit by a thunderbolt of guilt. He'd never cheated on his lover, although they had fantasized about having threeways and four-ways. The two cops noticed the change in Rod's disposition as they dressed, and they asked if anything was wrong. He told them about his lover.

"What's your lover like, Rod?" Eric asked.

Before Rod could answer, Bill piped in with, "Is he as hot as you are?"

"Hotter, I think. He is a very handsome, extremely well-built, heavily hung *young* man."

"Shee-it!" Bill exclaimed. "You mean his cock is as big as yours?"

"Maybe bigger," Rod answered proudly.

"Then I think he should have the chance to even up the score...with *us*," said Bill. "Don't you agree, Eric?"

"Sounds fair to me," Eric replied with a grin.

Rod then described to the troopers his lover's favorite, but as yet unfulfilled, fantasy: making it with a cop in uniform.

"How about *two* cops in uniform, or at least partly in uniform?" Bill asked.

"That would put Bob in pig heaven, if you'll pardon the pun."

The three formulated a plan, and Rod followed the troopers to their post, where they checked the car in and themselves out. The cops were off duty at six A.M. and by 6:10, they were following Rod to his place.

Rod and Bob lived in an old house they had bought and renovated. The cops were impressed, especially when they were led down to the fully equipped gym, where all three showered in the six-stall shower room. The cops then put on their uniforms, minus their underwear, and Rod wrapped a towel around himself and led them up to the master bedroom.

Saturday was the one day that Bob allowed himself to sleep in, so Rod and his cop friends found him sound asleep, lying naked on his back with only his groin covered by the sheet. It was obvious that Bob had a big morning erection under that covering, and there were fuck books and gay video tapes scattered about the room.

Rod slipped back out into the hallway as the two cops approached the sleeping figure.

"All right, you faggot, get the fuck outta that bed!" Bill shouted.

Bob bolted upright, half awake until he saw the state troopers on either side of the bed. "Wha— wha— what the fuck?" he stammered.

"We got a report on you, cocksucker. Seems you've been carrying around a concealed weapon," said Bill, as Eric struggled to keep a straight face.

"I don't have the slightest idea what the hell you're talking about. And besides, do you have a warrant allowing you to break into my home?"

Without answering, Bill grabbed the sheet and wrenched it from Bob's naked body, completely exposing his fully erect cock. Bob tried to cover it with his hands, but without success.

In record breaking time, the three men were buck-ass naked, laying in the soft grass, twisted up in a wild daisy chain. After Rod had sucked down Eric's load, he shifted his body and swallowed Bill's fat cock. Bill went nearly berserk over the blow-job he was getting, while at the same time sucking on the biggest cock he'd ever had.

"That certainly is a powerful weapon, all right," said Bill, "and though it isn't exactly concealed at the present moment, it certainly will require a thorough inspection if you want a permit to carry that thing."

Bob was pissed. "What the fuck are you two pigs doing here!"

"Pigs, huh?" Bill said quickly, flipping Bob over onto his belly and pulling him up onto his hands and knees.

When Bob looked up, he saw the big blond cop kneeling on the bed in front of him, the man's huge, bulbous cock bobbing obscenely from his open fly. Eric grabbed Bob's hair, thrust his hips forward, and jammed his cock into Bob's gaping mouth. Bob tried to pull away, but Eric held fast and began to face-fuck him. At last, as Bob's eyes rolled upward and he took in the sight of a handsome cop in full uniform fucking his face, he started to get turned on. The erection he had lost out of fear came back and slapped against his belly in rhythm with his attacker's fucking motions.

Then Bob felt hands splaying his ass cheeks, and then he felt the fabulous sensation of a face burying itself in the crevice and a tongue lapping around his asshole. He was so stimulated now that he completely forgot his anger and fear and started to suck Eric's cock with real pleasure, causing the handsome blond cop to moan out his pleasure.

The face abruptly pulled away from Bob's ass, and he could hear the telltale sounds of a cock being greased. A few seconds later, he felt the blunt head pushing against his ass pucker. He tried to relax his sphincter, but because his hot-looking buns were such a turn on, Bill pushed too hard, too quickly, and rammed his thick cock all in before Bob could prepare himself. The pain was indescribable. Bob screamed, but with his mouth full of Eric's cock, the sound came out as a muted gurgle.

Bill, who was really a gentle man, realized his mistake. He lay still against Bob's back and waited for the man's ass to adjust and to help things along, he played with Bob's cock and balls. When Bill felt Bob's sphincter begin to dilate around his cock, he knew the man was ready for an all-out fuck. He started out slowly but was soon stretching Bob's ass wide open with his rapid-fire thrusts. Bob was so turned on he started dripping a steady stream of cock juice onto the bed.

At this point, Rod walked into the bedroom totally naked, his big cock leading the way. He stood alongside Bill and began playing with the hairy ass of the cop who was fucking his lover. Bob's cocksucking was too much for Eric, and soon he was ricocheting globs of fuck sauce off Bob's vocal chords. When Eric pulled his dripping cock from Bob's mouth, Bob looked between his upraised legs and watched his own throbbing cock leaking onto the sheet. He could also see Bill's big balls smacking his each time the cop shoved his dick into Bob's hungry ass. He was so invoved with the sight and feel of the fantastic fuck that it took him several minutes before he saw the naked pair of legs standing next to the cop who was fucking him.

He jerked his head up and for the first time saw that it was his lover who was watching him get fucked by this stranger. Bob's face was suddenly filled with confusion. Then Rod looked him in the eyes, and grinned at him, and Bob realized that whatever the fuck was going on, his lover had set it up. As Rod crawled onto the bed and lay with his chin propped in his palms, Bob's confusion vanished. It wasn't long before the room echoed the grunts and groans of a man getting his rocks off. Bill's body spasmed as his cock hosed down Bob's guts with a thick load of cum.

When Bill pulled his spent cock out of Bob's ass, Rod grinned wickedly and said, "Your favorite fantasy just kinda followed me home this morning. I was sort of wondering...all right if we keep 'em around?"

Bob stared at his lover, not sure whether he wanted to kill him or kiss him for the trick he'd played. He decided on the latter and lay down next to Rod and held onto him. "You crazy Irishman! What a trip this fucking coming-home present turned out to be!"

The two cops had stripped off their uniforms. Now they joined the other two on the bed. Bob leaned over and kissed each of them, his hands roaming their hairy chests and stiffening cocks, and then the lusty foursome began working one another over with hands and mouths.

After a while, Bill raised his head from Rod's crotch and said, "And to think that the reason we stopped this pervert was to give him a good-driver citation for being the only person on the freeway obeying the law."

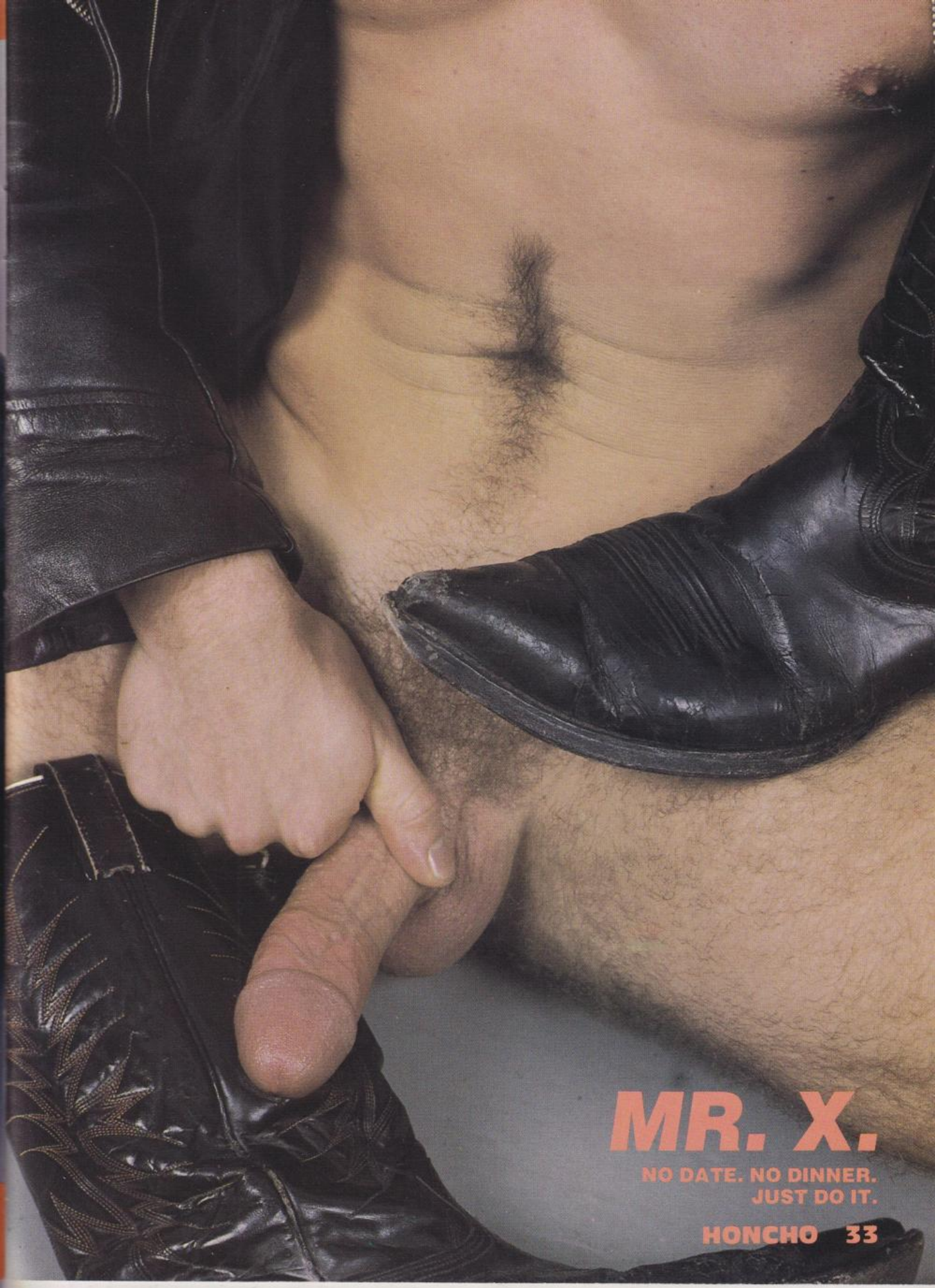
"Well," said Eric, "the way he plowed our asses this afternoon, I'd say he still deserves a good-driving award."

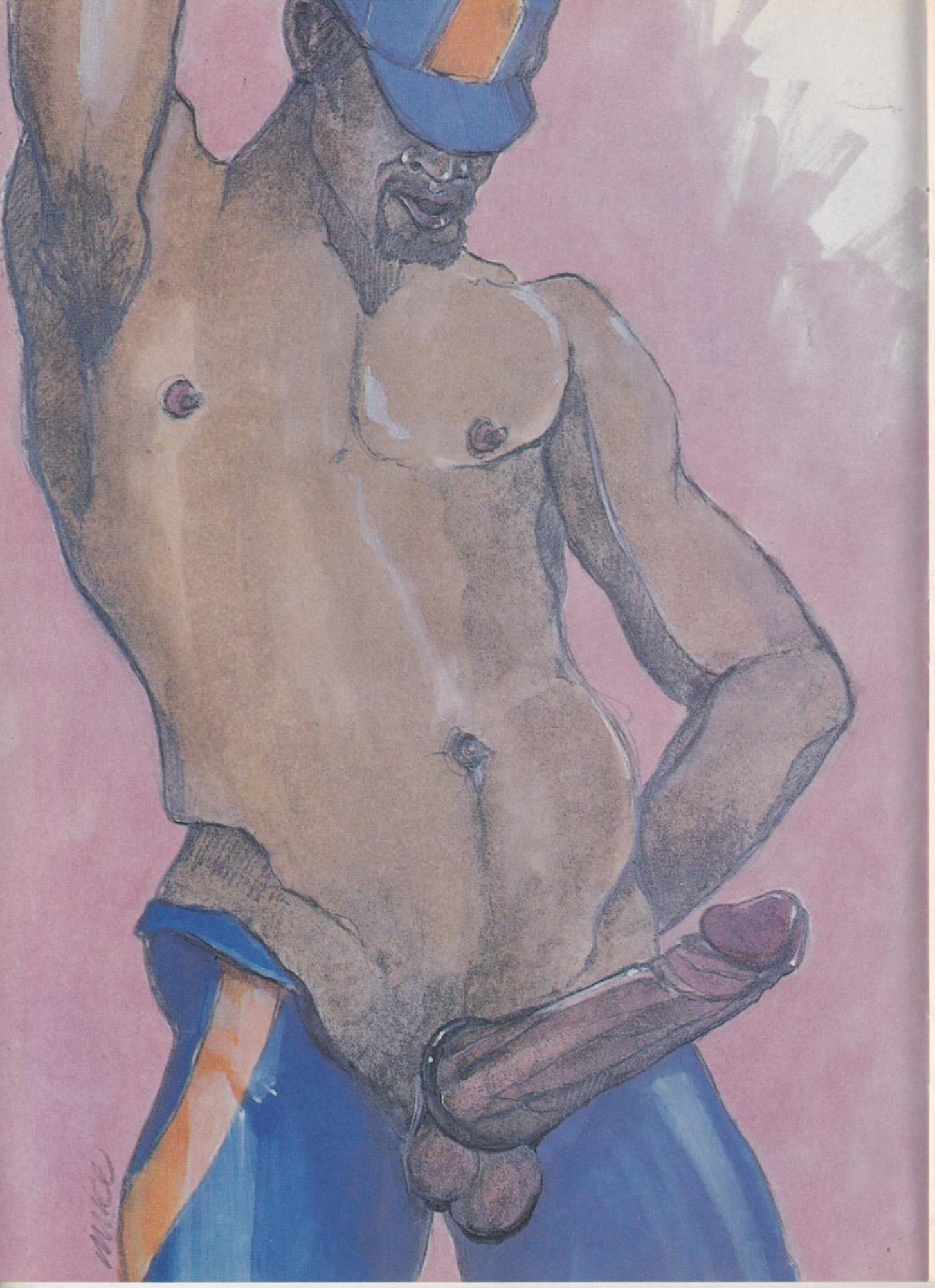
"And of course we wouldn't want to leave anybody out," added Bill.

The two cops moved down on the king-sized bed, buried their heads in Rod's and Bob's crotches, and started bestowing the dual rewards. ■

MR. X.
NO NAMES, NO NUMBERS. ALL HE WANTS IS SEX.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY CITYBOY

MR. X.
HE'S OUT FOR MEAT,
NOT ROMANCE.


MR. X.
NO DATE. NO DINNER.
JUST DO IT.



THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

BY JAMES FONES
ART BY MIKE

It was the week after the Gay Games and the last week of my vacation, and as usual I found myself sitting across the bar from Michael, in my opinion the best bartender in the city. This man fascinated me, and I was always daydreaming about what it would be like to be possessed by him.

I use the word *possessed* because there was something demonic about Michael's appearance. But from the moment I first saw him, I decided that even if he *was* the devil, I'd follow him anywhere and be his willing slave.

His face was framed by short black hair and a perfectly styled beard and moustache, but there was something very unusual about the goatee: vertical "slashes" were shaved into it on either side of his chin. This, and the hypnotic inner light that shone from his dark, piercing eyes, strongly enhanced his demonic look.

He almost always wore a loose-fitting black shirt open to the fourth or fifth button, exposing a beautifully molded chest covered with curly black hair, and whenever he twisted his torso in just the right way, I'd see a hard nipple peeking around the edge of his shirt. His body was a solid six feet of hard, lean muscle, his long legs encased in black pants that molded themselves tightly around the perfect half-spheres of his buns, his trim waist emphasized by an antique silver belt.

I'd been sitting there for some time, occasionally talking to Michael, mostly just watching him work and talk with the other customers. Gradually my mind began to drift. . . I saw the two of us floating, Michael's body wrapped around my five-foot, six-inch frame, his hands moving catlike up and down my back, and then around my chest to my pecs. He started twisting my small, hard nipples, and when he did I gasped and jerked . . . And suddenly I was sitting in the bar again.

And Michael *was* pinching one of my nipples. "Well how about it?" he said.

"I'm sorry, Michael. Can you repeat that? My mind was miles away." But not anymore. Now my mind was right where Michael's strong fingers were, on the nipple that he continued to twist, making my whole body tingle.

"I said, would you like to go up to the river with me? I need to get away from this madhouse for a couple of days, thought you might make good company."

I gasped and my body shook again when he let go of my nipple. "Yeah. Yeah, I'd like that," I stammered.

He smiled and leaned across the bar and brushed my lips with his. "I'll pick you up at nine in the morning. Leave me your address before you go home tonight."

Then he went back to work. I hung around for a couple more hours, my eyes on Michael the whole time. He never said anything else to me, seldom even looked my way. But whenever he did, he'd give me that devilish grin of his. Finally, I wrote my address on a piece of paper and handed it to him, and then I went home to my dreams of. . .well, I'm sure you can guess.

The ride the next morning was very leisurely. As soon as we were out of the city, I slid over next to Michael and he rested his arm across my shoulders. We talked about ourselves and our pasts. Michael seemed very interested to learn that at twenty-five I owned and operated my own gymnastics academy. Every once in a while he would slip his hand inside my shirt and caress a smooth pec. (Unlike Michael's, my body is almost entirely hairless.) He would gently roll the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, then without warning pinch down hard. I'd close my eyes and moan and roll my head back against the seat, and when I'd open my eyes my vision would be filled with that grin of his. But because he never took his eyes off the road, it was as if he was grinning not for my benefit, but for his own.

After we rented a cabin, we decided to change into swim suits and have lunch by the pool. I set my bag on a chair and started fishing through it for my suit. Strong hands suddenly grabbed my shoulders from behind and spun me around, and I found myself staring up into Michael's piercing eyes. Instantly the rhythm of the moment changed, as Michael ever so slowly pulled us closer and closer together, until our bodies were just barely touching. He clasped my wrists and put my arms around his waist. Then, holding my chin in one palm, he raised my face to his. He lightly kissed my forehead, my nose, my lips, trailed his tongue

around the outline of my mouth, pushed inside and licked my teeth. I parted them and let his tongue find mine. As our tongues played with each other, I started drifting again...floating...Michael and me...among the clouds...naked...his flesh rubbing against my flesh...and then he was pulling away from me...

Which in reality was what he *was* doing. And that brought me back. He was standing maybe a foot away from me now. He leaned forward and kissed my chin, then worked his way down my neck, kissed and sucked across my shoulder. It wasn't until he reached my biceps that I realized my shirt was off. I looked down and saw that my pants had fallen around my ankles. He had done all this while I was "away."

He moved to my nipple, kissed it, sucked it into his mouth, caressed it with his tongue, nibbled on it lightly. He moved to my other nipple and gave it the same attention. Soon both were hard and erect, just like my cock pressed between our bodies. Continuing to work my nipples with his mouth, he ran his hands up and down my back, until they came to rest on my buns. He started massaging them, squeezing them, spreading them. His fingers slid up and down along my crack, swirled around the perimeter of my tight, moist hole. He pulled his mouth off my nipples, which by then were hard and red and slightly sore. I felt like a rag doll, utterly helpless, completely willing.

He kissed the valley between my pecs and started sinking to his knees, his tongue leaving a wet trail down the center of my chest, across the hard ridges of my abdomen. His hands slid down from my buns to the backs of my thighs, his fingertips reaching between them, his hands continuing their downward slide to the backs of my knees, to my thickly-corded calves, his lips reaching and pausing in the sandy-blond forest of my pubic hair. He leaned back slightly and lifted my hard cock with his tongue, then let it fall, then buried his tongue in the velvet underside of my balls. I moaned loudly as my knees started to buckle, and he quickly grabbed my waist to keep me from falling.

When my balls were dripping with my sweat and Michael's saliva, he moved his mouth to the head of my cock, licked back and forth several times, then drilled into the piss slit. My breaths were coming hard and fast now, and my moans had become deep growls. I knew I couldn't take much more.

He moved quickly to take my whole cock into his mouth. He sucked it in deeper and deeper.

"Michael, I'm gonna come!" I whispered hoarsely. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, Michael, I can't hold it. I don't wanta come yet. Please, Michael, stop!"

I tried to pull away, but he held me tight, sucking me deeper and deeper into his throat. I was shaking so violently now that I had to hold onto his shoulders to keep my balance. Suddenly I was struck by two bolts of lightning: one of my nipples was viciously wrenched, and at the same time a finger was shoved up my ass. That was it. Every muscle in my body spasmed, my cock slammed down Michael's throat, and my cum blasted into his guts.

After what seemed like an hour, the flow finally began to subside, but Michael kept sucking on my cock and twisting my nipples. At last I collapsed on top of him, and my cock slid from his mouth. He held me in his arms, kissed me on the lips, caressed my bruised nipples, ran his fevered hands all over my body.

"God, you've got a great body," he said. "Your skin is so soft, and yet your muscles are as hard as steel." That grin of his again, and then: "Now it's your turn."

I didn't know what he had in mind, and I wasn't sure I had the strength left to do it, whatever it was. But I knew I would find it somehow; I knew that *he* would find it for me.

He raised me up gently and laid me on the bed. I watched as he stepped back to remove his clothes, slowly, teasingly. His shirt came off, and a set of strong, wide shoulders appeared, tapering down to a trim waist. His chest was covered with hair, which grew denser around his bulging pecs and trailed down the middle of his washboard stomach. When he turned and stepped out of his pants, the sight of his perfect ass made my limp cock surge. He turned toward me again and moved toward the bed, his long, fat cock swinging back and forth as he approached.

He lay at my side and rolled over on top of me. He reached down and lined our cocks up side by side. His continued to swell, and mine, against it, did the same; his in anticipation of spearing me, mine in anticipation of being speared.

"Fuck me, Michael. . . please fuck me. . ."

"Shhh, don't rush it. I plan to fuck that tight little ass of yours several times this weekend."

All I could do was moan as his body slid back and forth across mine. He sucked on my neck, then moved his mouth lower and lower, his teeth biting into my sore tits, his hands holding mine with our fingers interlocked. He plunged his face into my armpit and bit at my sweaty hairs, then scraped his teeth diagonally down across my chest, my stomach, and into my crotch hairs. He pushed my legs apart and started licking and chewing on the insides, leaving a wet trail all the way down to my knees. Then he rolled me over onto my stomach and straddled me, my body quivering as his wet tongue trailed down the center of my back. Again he pushed my legs apart. He was lying on his stomach now, his face directly over my ass, a hand on each bun. Slowly, as his hands pulled my buns apart, his tongue started licking at the top of my crack, working its way down and then back up. Each time his tongue passed my hole it flicked back and forth, pushing further in. Finally, he was concentrating all his attention on my asshole, his tongue digging and twisting, his hands stretching my buns as wide apart as possible.

I was moaning and groaning and rolling my head back and forth. "Please, Michael, fuck me. Fuck the shit out me! Please. . . *please*!"

He rolled me onto my back, spun me around, and squatted over my face, his cock dangling no more than an inch away. I strained to raise my head and sucked him into my mouth. My tongue played with the fat, oily head and traced the veins that ran along the surface of the shaft. He started raising and lowering himself rapidly, fucking my face with his fleshy club, his balls slapping my eyes, blinding me. I raised my head further so I could suck in even more of his cock. I wanted every last fraction of an inch down my throat.

He lifted my legs and tucked one under each of his arms, still face-fucking me like mad. Suddenly I felt

it, a finger pushing into my hole, moving back and forth inside me, honing me out; then a second finger doing the same thing; then a third; a fourth. After a while, he pulled his fingers out of my ass and his cock out of my mouth, leaving my body feeling empty, desperate to have him back inside me.

He pushed between my legs, lifted them one at a time, and folded my hands around my ankles. There I was, on my back, a pillow shoved under my hips to raise my ass higher, and *I* was holding *my* legs open for him. I felt the head of his cock pressing against my hole as he leaned forward and kissed me softly on the mouth. Then, just as our lips parted and my eyes closed, his full weight slammed down on me, and his cock rammed all the way in. My eyes flew open, but all I saw was a flash of white. I let go of my ankles, and they fell onto his shoulders as I dug my fingers into the bedding. I cried out from the pain, but he just kept grinding and twisting inside me. Soon my cries of pain had become moans of pleasure.

"Fuck me harder, Michael. Pound that log of yours into me!"

He did exactly as I asked, dropping his full weight onto me with each downward plunge. After a few moments, he slowed up a bit and, stretching one of my legs over his head, turned me onto my side, never missing a stroke.

"Oh, yeah. Oh, *yeah*! Fuck that ass! Fuck my ass good!"

He reached around and closed his fist over the head of my cock. He made no effort to stroke it, but every time he pounded my ass, his hand jerked on my cock. The room was filled with the sounds of his body slapping against my cheeks and my moans of ecstasy and his grunts of lust.

Again he started moving me around, until he had me on my hands and knees. He grabbed my hips and started yanking me back and forth into his cock. His grunts and groans were replaced by a constant hissing sound, like a snake getting ready to strike. His hands let go of my hips and went for my nipples. He dug his fingers into them and twisted and yanked until I was crying out again—for him to twist harder, pull harder, fuck me harder!

My flesh was on fire with agony and desire. Suddenly every muscle in my body tensed, and then let go. I screamed at the top of my lungs as long spurts of cum shot out of me and onto my chin, my chest, my stomach.

Michael kept pounding, slamming his thighs against the backs of mine, digging deeper and deeper into me. And then with a slam so powerful that it laid me flat on the bed, he came, his body clamped tight against me as, deep in my guts, his cock discharged its searing load.

At last the tension in both our bodies began to melt away. His cock was still in my ass, his arms still wrapped around me, but he had let go of my tits, and now gently he began to smear the cum all over my chest and stomach.

I looked at my watch and saw that we had been in the cabin for almost three hours, and just then Michael pulled his cock out of me, gave my ass a slap, and said, "Come on, time for the pool."

He was on his feet and into his suit in no time. My ravaged body moved a little more slowly, and Michael had to help me a bit. Once we were in the pool, he rinsed the cum off my neck, chest, and stomach. Then he leaned forward and pressed his lips against mine.

After a brief, leisurely swim, we lay beside the pool for a while, relaxing in the sun, and then we realized we were starving. We had completely missed lunch, after all, and now it was time to clean up and dress for dinner.

Back in the room, gentleman that I am, I offered to let Michael take his shower first. He graciously accepted, then dragged me in with him. We started lathering each other up, and it wasn't long before we both had hard-ons. He turned me around, pressed his hard cock against my back, reached through my armpits, and started massaging my sore nipples, lathering them up with his slippery fingers. I lay my head back against his chest and stroked myself, and after a few minutes, when he pushed his cock down between the crack of my ass, I instinctively bent forward and flattened my palms against the tiled wall to brace myself.

I didn't touch myself again, but when Michael shot inside me, I sprayed all over the shower stall.

"God, your insatiable!" I said as we climbed out of the shower and dried each other off. And then I saw that grin on his face, and I knew God had nothing to do with it. This man *was* the devil, a tireless sexual demon who was going to fuck me until I couldn't walk. And I was going to love every minute of it.

He ran his hands up and down my back, until they came to rest on my buns. He started massaging them, squeezing them, spreading them. His fingers slid up and down along my crack, swirled around the perimeter of my tight, moist hole.

As before, when I looked at my watch, I saw that while Michael was fucking me time had stood still—in my mind anyway. In reality more than an hour had passed. By the time we got to dinner, I was so hungry I made a pig of myself. But then so did my demon lover.

Afterward, we went out for drinks and dancing. Michael tortured me all evening, twisting my raw nipples every chance he got, causing me to quiver against him as we danced. By the time we got back to the cabin, we were totally exhausted and went directly to bed and—believe it or not—right to sleep. Even demons need their rest.

Next morning, I awoke before Michael and found myself on my side with his body wrapped around mine, an arm thrown over my side, the palm of his hand lying flat on my chest, covering a nipple.

I decided to get up and make breakfast. I quickly shaved and got cleaned up, and just as I was

finishing, Michael came into the bathroom, pulled me to him, and gave he a deep, wet kiss. I dropped the white running shorts I was holding and flung my arms around his waist, resting my palms on his buns.

He rolled me onto my back, spun me around, and squatted over my face, his cock dangling no more then an inch away. I strained to raise my head and sucked him into my mouth.

Momentarily he slapped my ass and said, "Now, get out of here before I throw you down and rape you right here on the bathroom floor."

I picked up my shorts and stepped into them, then looked directly into his eyes and smiled. "Can't rape the willing," I said, then left the room.

I got everything out for breakfast and was just putting the pan on the burner, when Michael slipped up behind me and wrapped his arms around mine, pinning them to my sides, his hands quickly diving down the front of my shorts and grabbing my cock and balls.

"The willing, huh?" he whispered into my ear.

I groaned and slumped against him as he started kissing my neck, his hands stroking my cock to a quick first-of-the-day erection, which undoubtedly would not be the last. He ran his tongue down my back, pulling my shorts lower and lower as he sank to his knees. I lifted first one foot, then the other, as he slipped off my shorts and tossed them aside. Then I felt him working something slippery into my crack and pushing a couple of fingers inside my hole.

When I craned my neck to see what he was using, I saw that he was holding the butter dish in his other hand. He put it back on the table and sat down in one of the kitchen chairs, then commenced to butter his fully engorged cock.

When he was done, he pulled me forward until I was straddling him, and I reached behind myself and grabbed his slippery cock and positioned it at my hole. I slowly lowered myself until his butter-coated cockhead popped through my sphincter muscle. He pulled me into a kiss, and I continued lowering myself until I was sitting in his lap.

As I rode up and down on his cock, he applied butter to my nipples and then started licking it off, at the same time coating my cock and jacking it. My head was thrown back, rolling from side to side, my eyes shut, soft moans coming from deep in my throat.

Then the devil decided to take control. He grabbed my hips and pulled me down hard on his cock, simultaneously shoving his pelvis upward. He fucked in and out, harder and faster. "I could fuck this tight little ass of yours forever," he hissed through clenched teeth. "And I just might do that, just keep pounding up into you, pounding, pounding, pounding, through all eternity." And with each "pounding," he did just that.

After a while, he slid forward in the chair and wrapped my legs around his waist. "Hold on tight. You're going for a ride," he said.

And with that he stood up and I felt his cock slide even deeper into me. I quickly flung my arms around his neck and clasped my hands together. He bounced me on his dick a couple of times in midair, then swung me around and lowered me onto the kitchen table. He laid me back and raised my legs and draped them over his shoulders. Then grabbing my waist, he started slamming into me with more force than he had ever used.

"Oh, yes! Fuck me, you devil! Fuck my ass with that demon cock of yours! Harder, harder, harder! Make me feel it! Make me scream!"

But I *was* screaming, so loud I could barely hear his grunting, his panting, his hips and balls slapping my ass.

"Yeah, that's it! Slam it in! Fuck me! Fu-u-u-u-ck me-e-e-e!"

Cum shot out of my dick and splattered my face. Instantly, my ass tightened around Michael's pounding meat and he started filling me up, until the cum was spilling out of my ass and onto the table top. As he kept thrashing about, I slid back and forth on the cummy surface.

This time we showered and cleaned each other up without either of us getting hard. For the time being, neither of us had the strength. After a huge breakfast, we headed for the river. We spent the morning relaxing in the sun, diving into the water whenever we needed to cool off. After lunch it was more of the same, and before we knew it, it was late afternoon and time to pack up for our return to the city.

I rolled over on the blanket, kissed Michael lightly on the cheek, and told him we should head back to the cabin.

"Okay," he said. "But first . . ."

"Yeah?"

When I saw that grin of his, I was pretty sure what he was going to say. And I was right: "Let's fuck." But then he threw me a curve: "Your turn to be the demon."

"You mean . . ."

"I mean I'm hot for a good fucking. But you gotta catch me first."

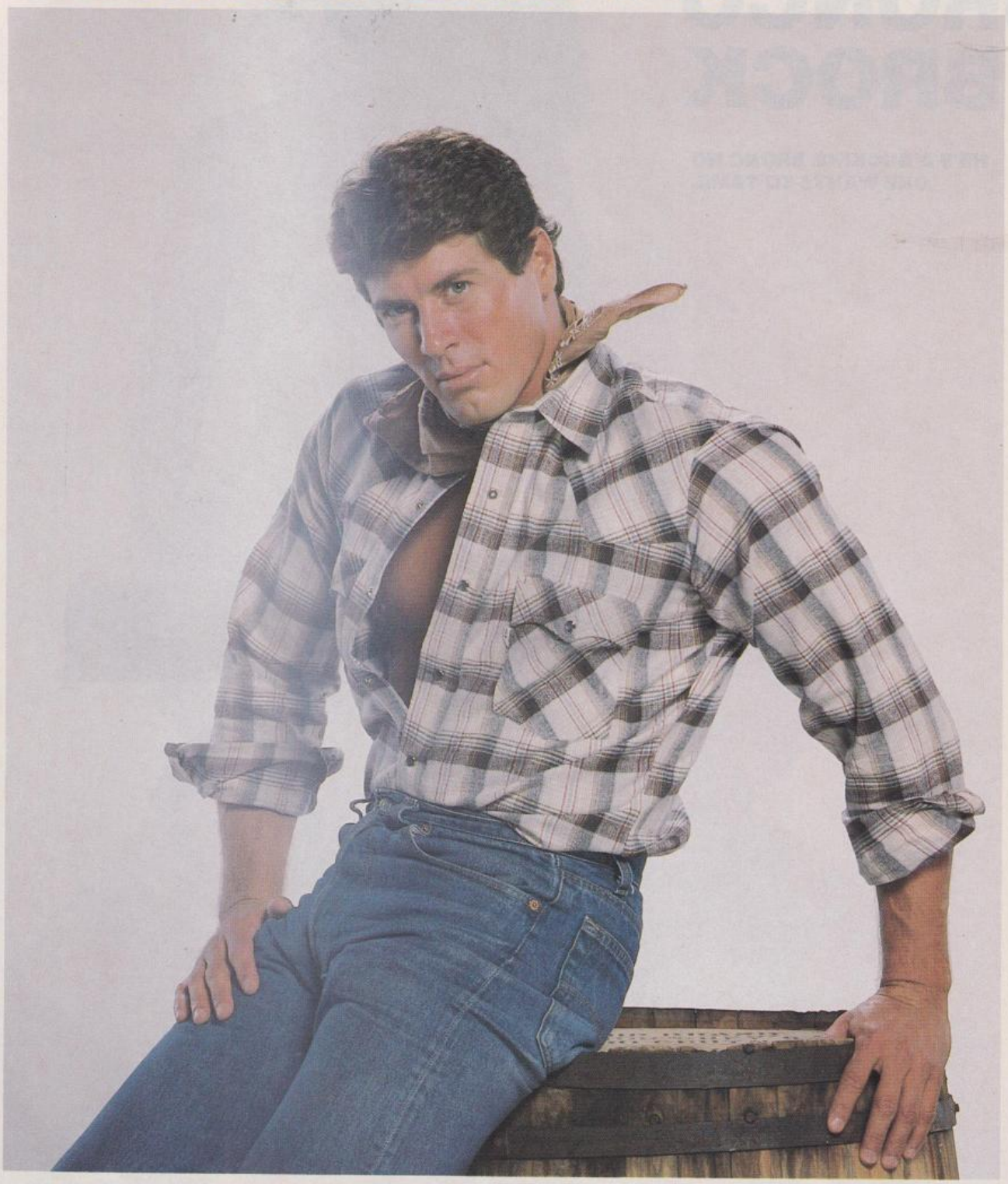
He grabbed the blanket and ran off into the woods. I immediately took off after him, but he lost me in no time. I slowed down to a walk and just kept moving steadily in the same direction, and a few minutes later I found him. He had wrapped the blanket around a fallen tree, and he was lying there bent over it, facing away from me, those beautiful buns glistening in the late-afternoon sun.

I fucked him till almost dark, and it took us a good half-hour to find our way back to the cabin. Then I fucked him again. And in the shower I fucked him a third time.

Unlike Michael, I may not look like a demon, but I sure earned my horns and tail that weekend.

And by the following weekend I was ready to earn them again. ■

BRONCO BROCK

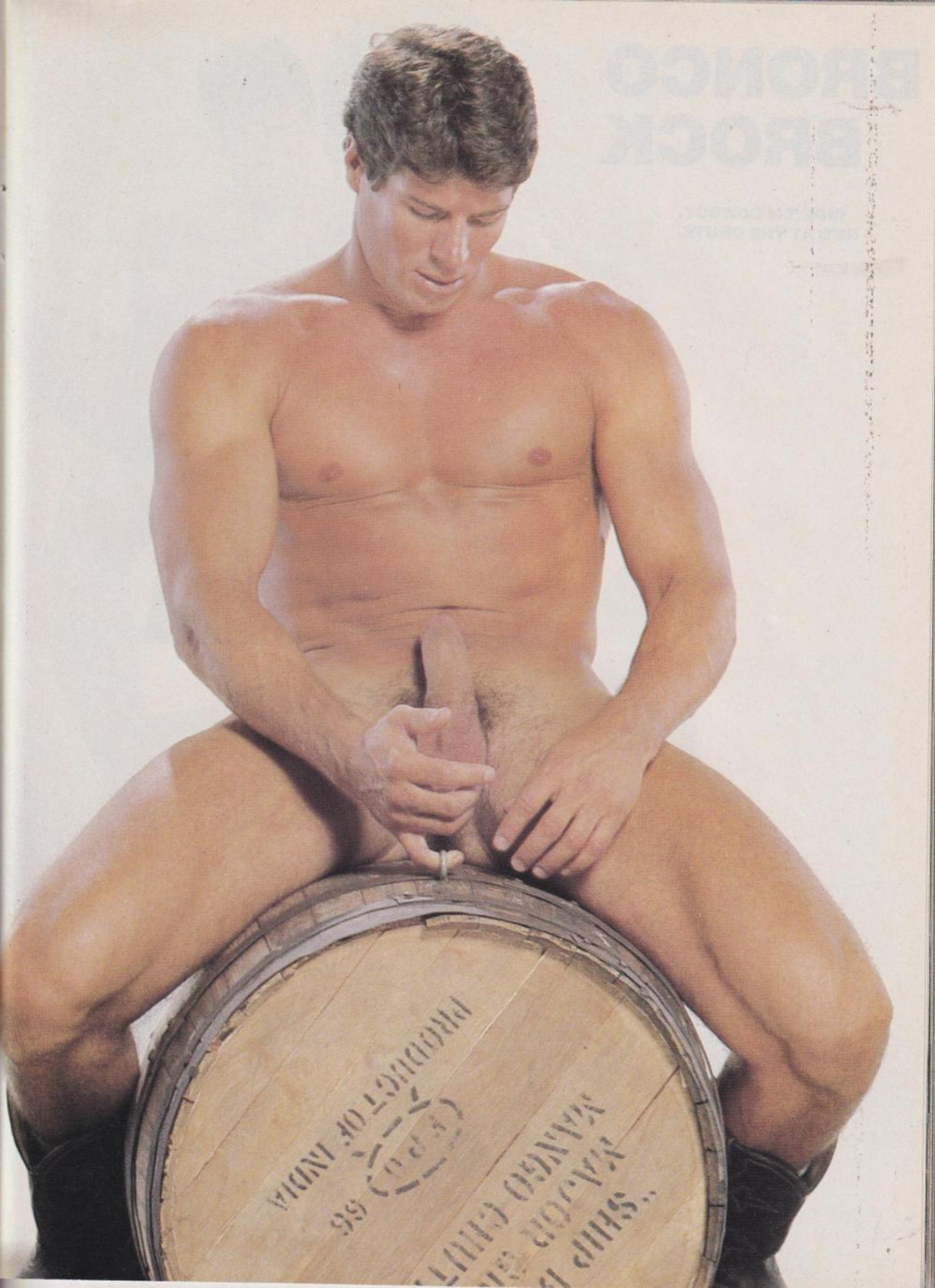


SADDLE UP. TOM'S READY FOR ANOTHER RIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CATALINA

BRONCO BROCK

HE'S A BUCKING BRONC NO ONE WANTS TO TAME.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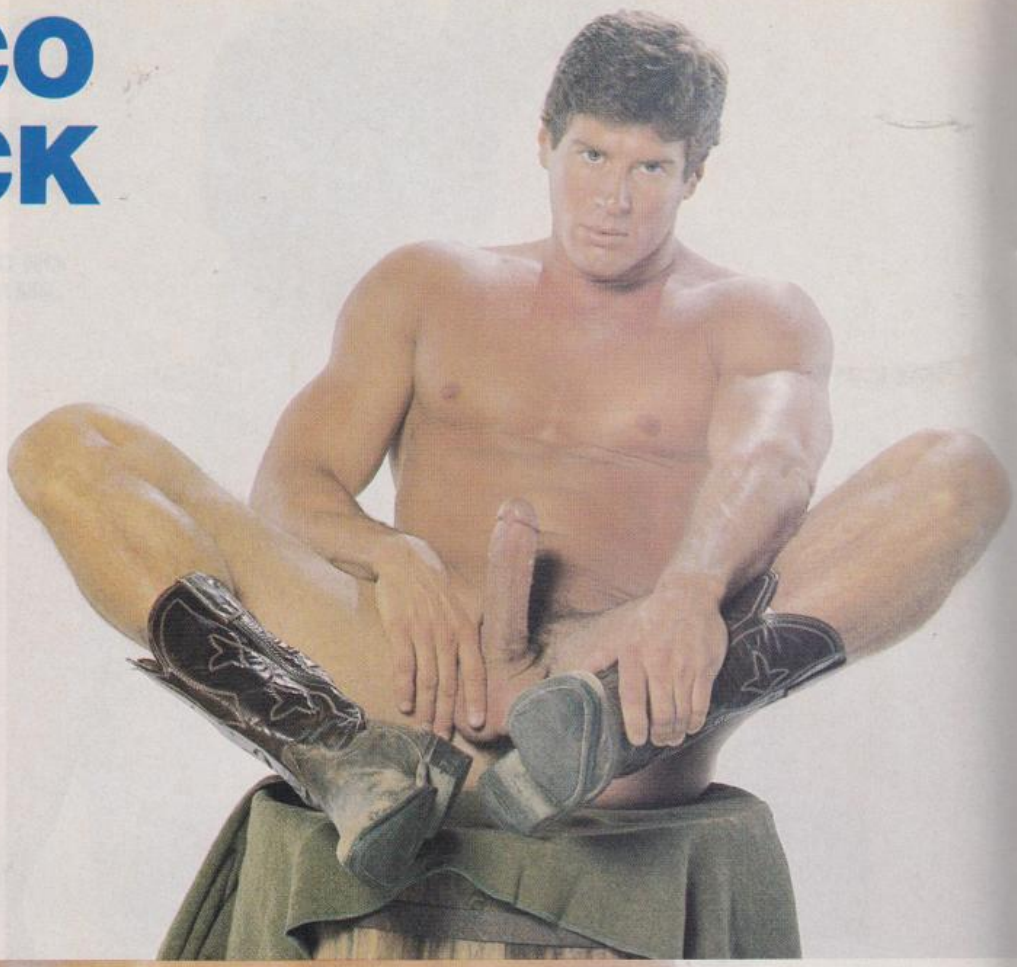
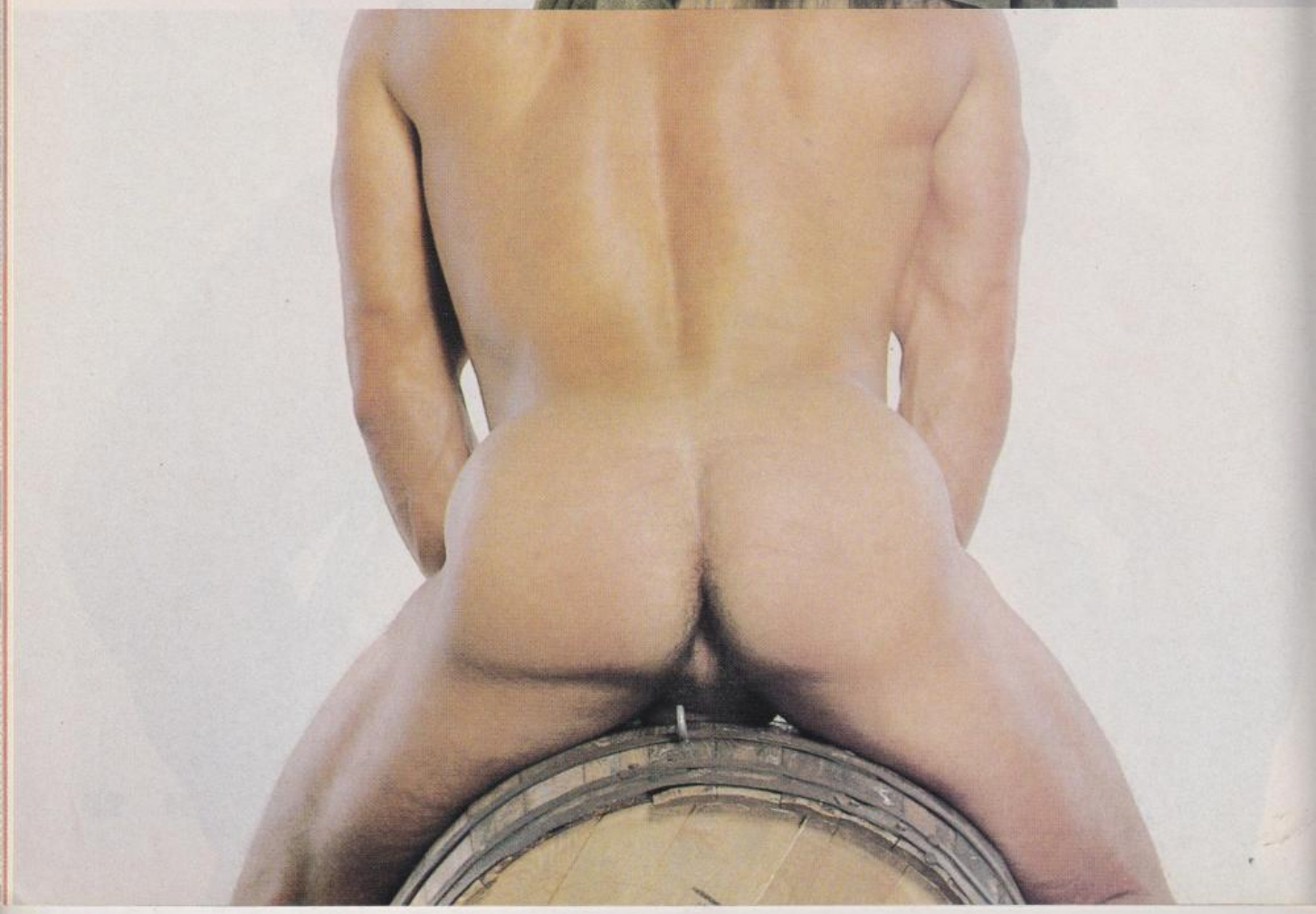
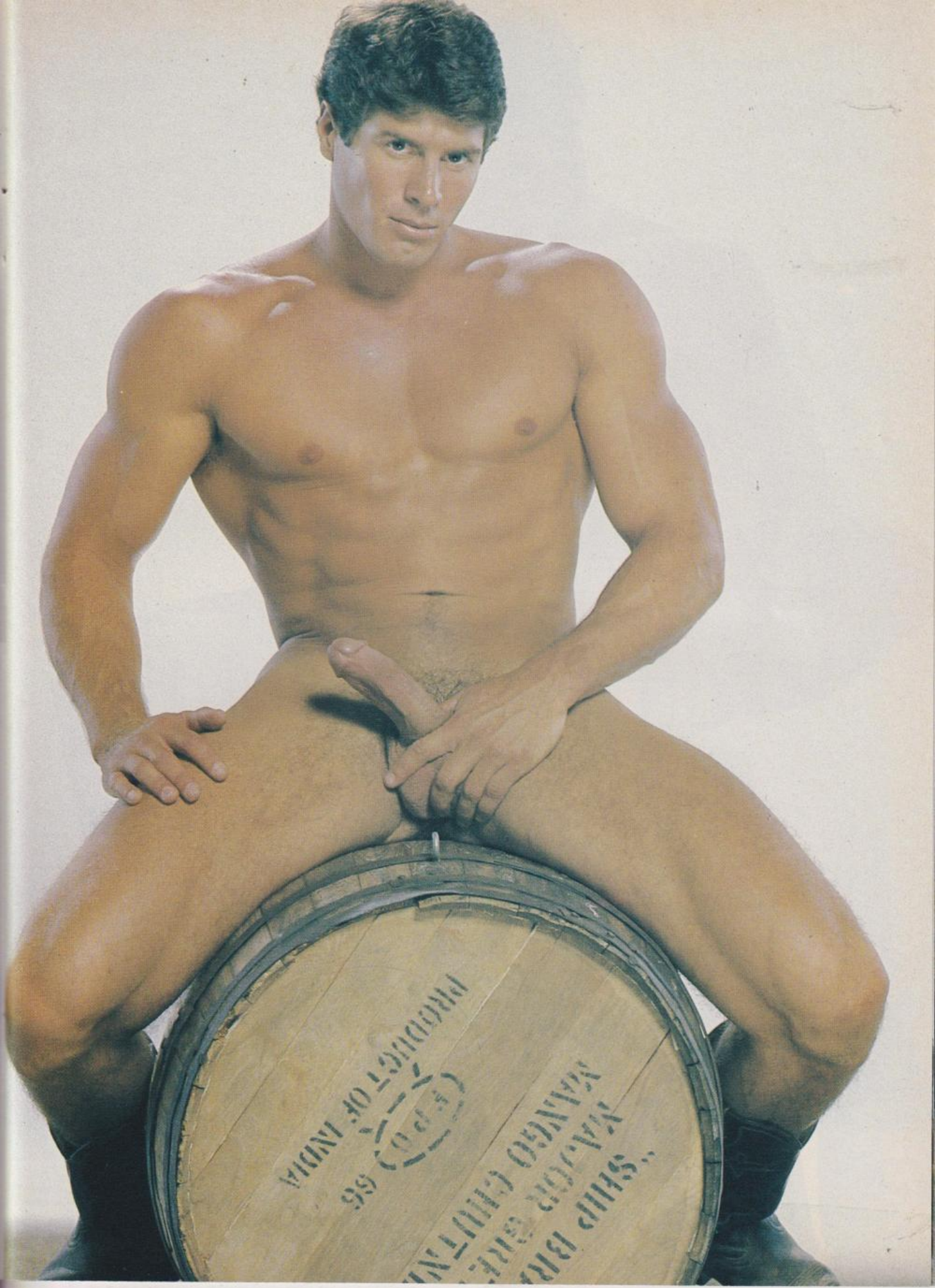
BRONCO BROCK

**RIDE 'EM COWBOY.
HE'S AT THE CHUTE.**



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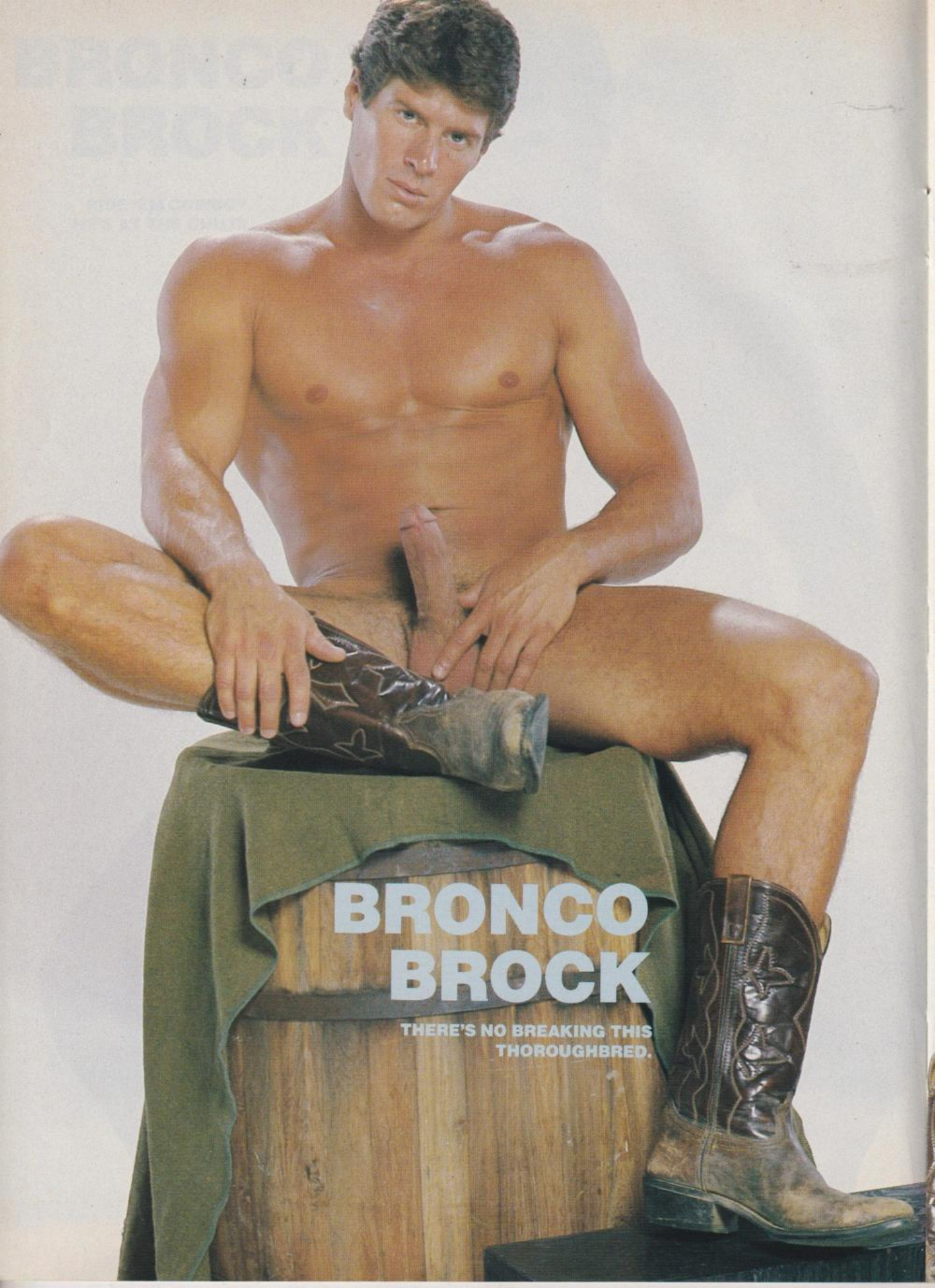
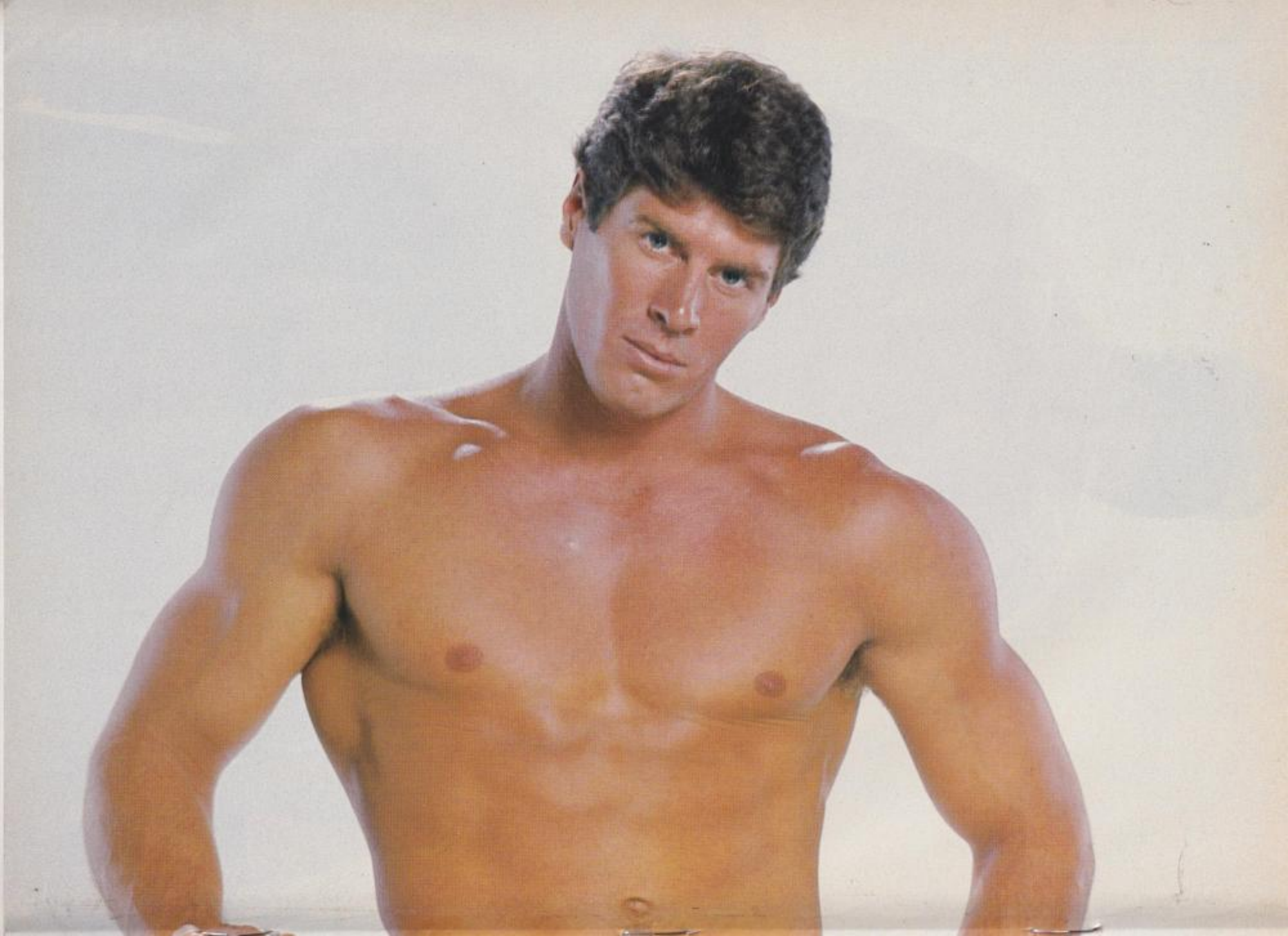
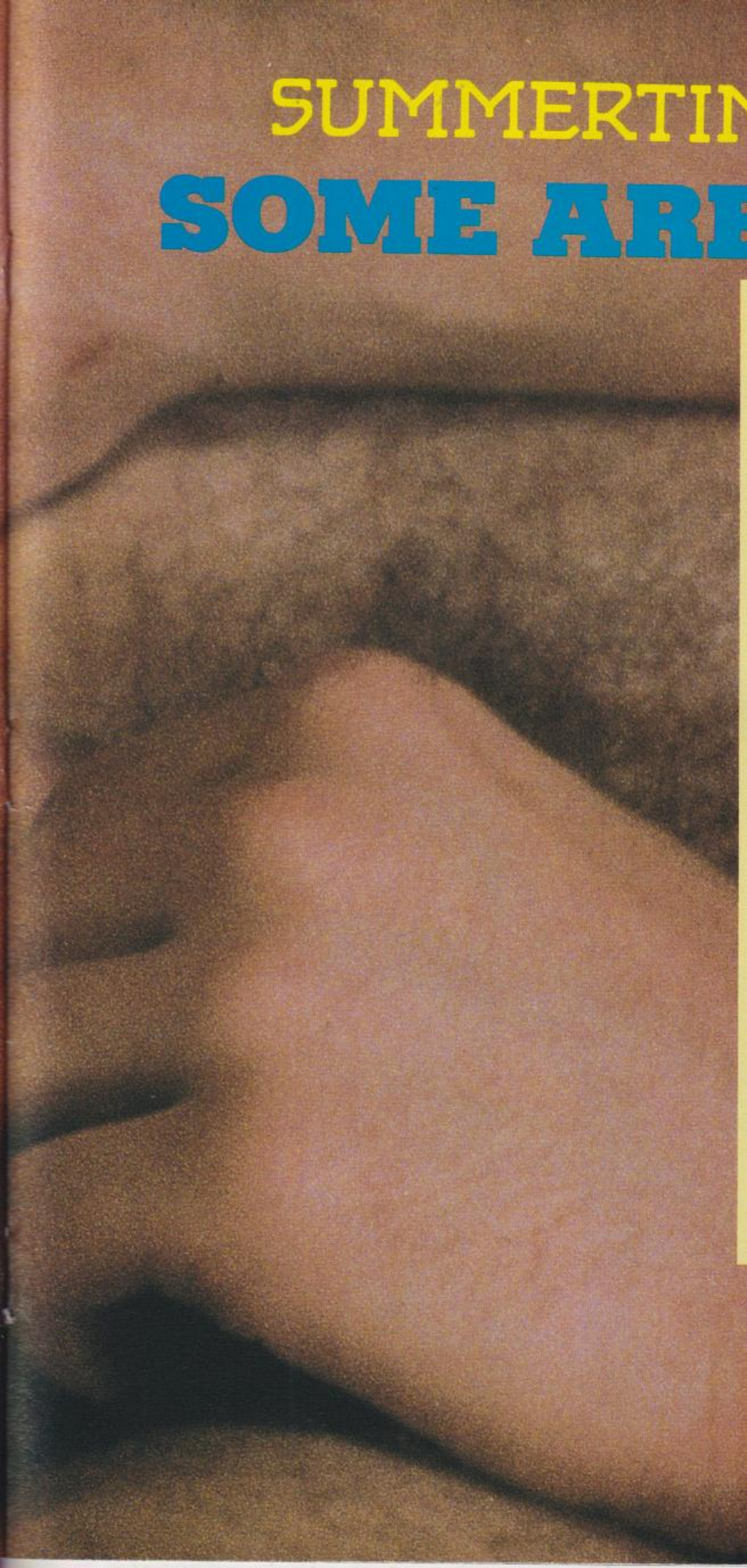

BRONCO
BROCK
THERE'S NO BREAKING THIS
THOROUGHBRED.



HONCHO

PHOTO BY MALEXPRESS

SUMMERTIME and SOME ARE HOT



BY F. LEE

Flattened in my tight, old jeans, pressed against the gas tank of my motorcycle, my balls tingled from the vibrations of the road. Hot July air forced itself into my helmet and cooled my thoughts. I was broke and bored, which always got me pissed off. So I threw my ass on my bike and went out looking for fun–a fight or a fuck.

Exit 117 on the turnpike–Keansburg–Matawan–Hazlet—the first stop at the Jersey shore. Not the best beach or the biggest boardwalk, but close and cheap. A couple beers, a slice of pizza, maybe get lucky and find some horny stud who likes handcuffs and Harleys.

I needed something cold to drink. Bars are easy to find, but a place to put my cycle is always a different story.

I found both.

Space for my machine right in front of Tony's Topless Tavern was a stroke of luck, but layin' up next to the Jap motorcycle parked there almost made me puke. Some of the guys who ride those pieces of shit are okay, but most are just assholes looking to be poked.

At one end of the stage behind the bar was a skinny broad with no tits. At the far end was a skinny guy with no bulge. Disco blared, cutting through the smell of stale beer and sweat, while the two dancers wiggled their boney asses. I slid onto a stool an equal distance away from them both.

The bartender, who looked like he came with the lease, threw a napkin in front of me and asked, "What'll it be?"

"Beer," I said.

I checked out the room as I swished the cold brew around my dry mouth. At 4:30 in the afternoon bars don't get the greatest crowds, and this joint was no exception. All the cars outside must have belonged

CONTINUED TO PAGE 76

SMOOTH TALKER

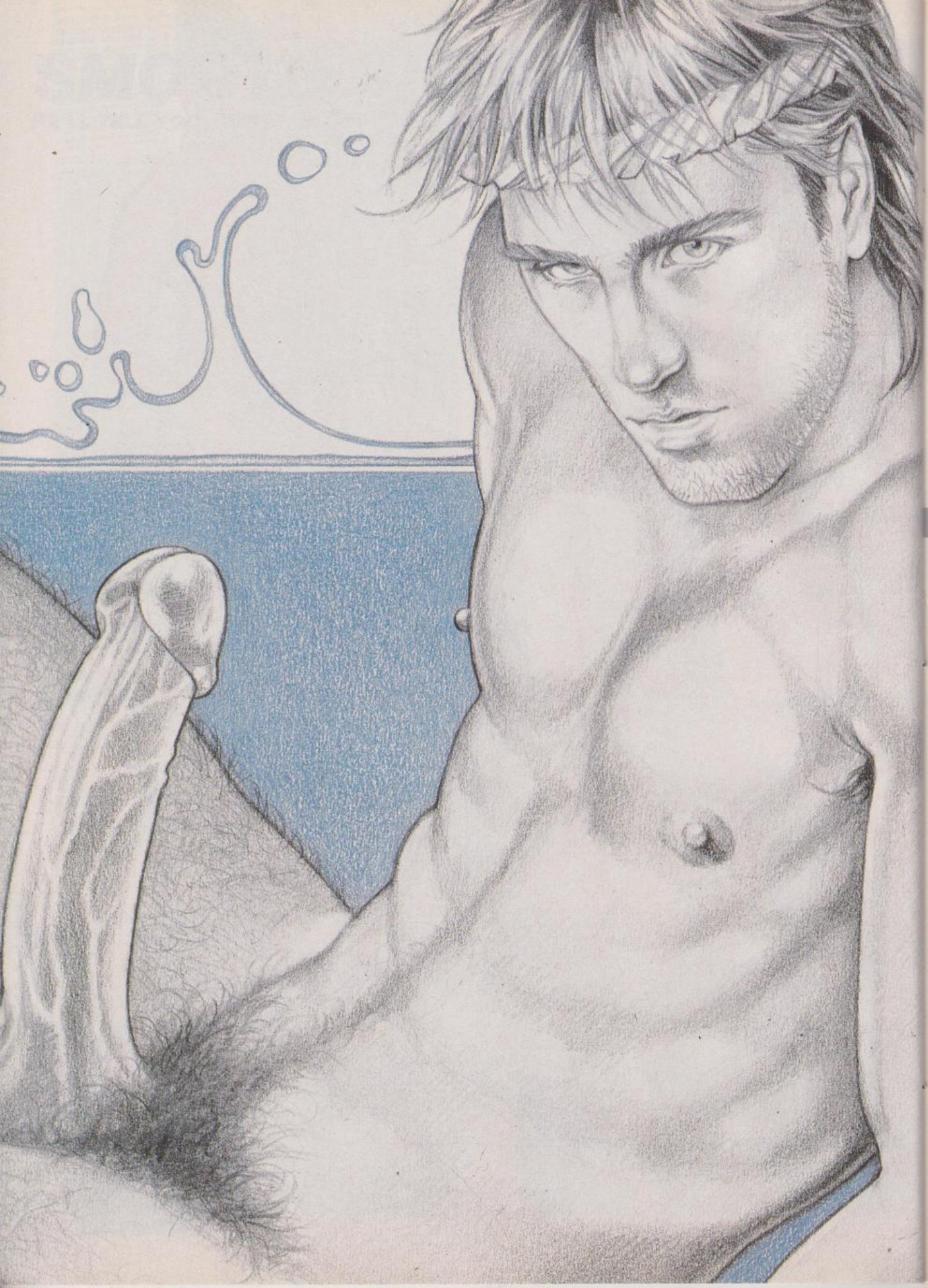
LET *HIM* DO THE TALKING.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J.W. ROGERS

SMOOTH TALKER

HE'LL TELL YOU JUST WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR.

HE CAN BE *VERY* PERSUASIVE.



the reluctant PIRATE

BY BRIAN MCLEOD

I was on the Apollo, tied up at the town dock, waiting for my brother Jay, who was in the supermarket. I probably should have gone with him, since his idea of nourishment and mine are about 180 degrees out of phase, but it's such a rat race putting everything away, out of sight of potential looters, that I had said I would wait for him on the boat.

There are always things that need cleaning or squaring away on a cabin cruiser, so it wasn't as if I was sitting there twiddling my thumbs. Both Jay and I were just home from college. I have one more year to go, and Jay has three. We had come out ahead of the rest of the family to open up the beach house and get the family boat in the water. The others, aunts and uncles and cousins, would be coming in shifts with all their kids all summer long. My grandparents still referred to the beach house as "The Cottage," though it was a big old monstrosity with a dozen bedrooms. The family had been spending summers there since the 1930s. And a boat—not always this one, which Jay and I had just gotten out of storage at the boat yard—was as much a part of our growing up as a month or six weeks at the shore.

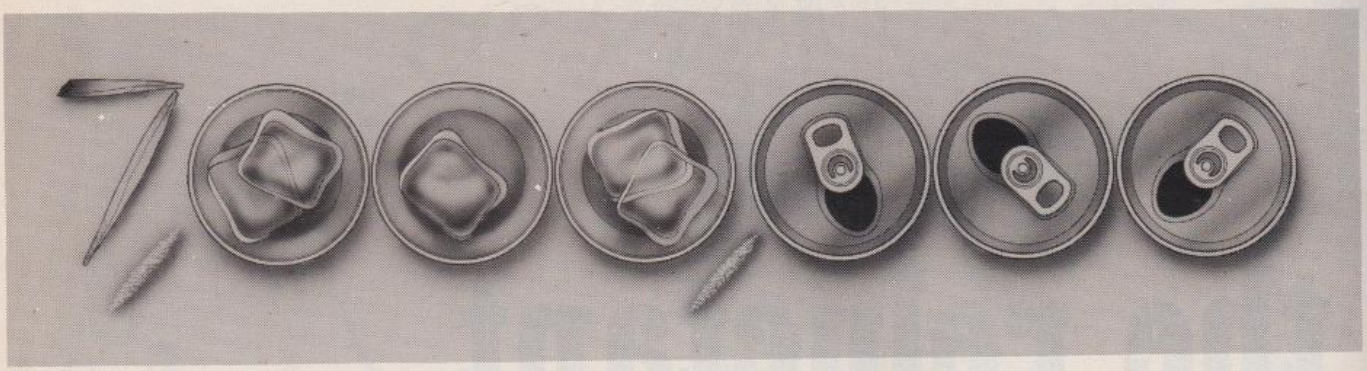
I had pulled in as close to shore as I could get without scraping bottom, and so I couldn't help but notice a young guy sitting on the fence atop the bulkhead, about twenty feet away. He seemed to be watching me work.

I had never seen him before. But then that's not unusual; there are always people coming and going in a summer resort. But this young man didn't look like your typical beach bum. For some strange reason, the description that popped into my mind was "pirate." He had a red bandana tied around his head like the buccaneers in old movies, and he was wearing a black T-shirt with a white skull and crossbones on his chest—a very well developed chest, I might add, with mounded pectorals and protruding nipples. He was wearing faded jeans and mocassins with no socks and carrying a guitar without a case. He seemed to be on the short side, but heavily muscled through the shoulders and down the arms.

Sitting there directly in my line of vision with his legs spread wide apart, he seemed to be trying to attract my attention to the egg-sized bulges on either side of his crotch seam. He was caressing his balls and the column that rose to his belt buckle. If he *was* trying to entice me, he was succeeding. On reflection, I came to the conclusion that he was not a pirate, but more likely a stud for hire.

I was about to strike up a conversation with him when Jay came back, carrying two huge bags of snacks, followed by a kid from the supermarket with three cases of Pepsi on a hand trolley. This was what he had selected as sustenance for the next three days until the folks arrived! Jay had exactly three pennies left of the forty bucks I had given him to go food shopping.

ART BY KENT NEFFENDORF



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We were getting pretty loud and pretty close to swinging at each there other, when I noticed the guitar-carrying pirate-stud, trying to catch our attention. For someone so spectacularly muscular, he seemed incredibly timid. He had come out on the dock and was standing next to where we were tied up. Jay immediately noticed the bulging jeans, as I had earlier. *Unlike* me, however, Jay is completely trusting and takes everything anybody says as the absolute truth, so before I could caution him about the stranger's possible motives, he had welcomed the guy on board like a long-lost cousin, having agreed to give him a lift. The guy was hoping to bum a ride with someone heading east along the North Shore toward Greenport, and then to catch the ferry from Orient Point to Connecticut. His chances of bumming ride with anyone at our marina were pretty much nil, since everyone's very uptight these days about robberies and hijackings. But I didn't say anything. I could see that Jay already had a hard-on in anticipaiton of sex with the pirate on the trip over, and who am I to deny my brother one of life's greatest pleasures?

They let me maneuver the boat out of the harbor and through all the traffic by myself, which is the way I prefer it anyway. Sometimes Jay is a real pain-in-the-ass backseat driver. I was happy to have him take his well-hung friend down into the cabin to "show him around."

About twenty minutes later, as we were approaching the point that protects the town harbor from northeasterly winds, Jay appeared stark naked at the top of the stairs directly in front of me. I cold see his pirate friend, also naked, close behind.

"You didn't waste much time on formalities," I said.

"Don't even think of doing anything heroic,' Jay said, with a firm tone that I recognized as sheer terror.

"Listen to him," the pirate said. "I've never de-balled a guy, but there's a first for everything."

It was then that I noticed that Jay was white as a ghost, which isn't easy with his year-round tan. He goes to college in Florida.

"He's got pop's fish knife under my crotch, and the sharp tip is poking into my balls," Jay said. "You were sharpening it earlier and must have left it out on the table. After he gave me the most fabulous blow-job I've ever had in my life, he turned me around and rimmed my ass and worked his fingers inside. I thought he was getting ready to insert that honker of his, but all of a sudden I felt cold steel instead of hot flesh."

"You're *going* to get fucked, buster—if you ever shut up your jammering—but first, your buddy's got to head this yacht toward Canada. I gotta get out of the country. I'm hot in more ways than one."

"No way can we make it to Canada in the Apollo," I protested. "I don't even know if we'll make it around the point to the marina. We're practically out of gas. This is the first time we've had it in the water this year. And even if we had gas, have you any idea how far it is to Canada? I doubt this old tub has ever been more than ten miles away from the house since we got it."

He buried his head in my crotch. His long hair was all over me, tickling my belly and thighs. He worked furiously on my tight asshole, lubricating it with spit and with the cum left over from my orgasm, then forcing apart the sphincter muscle with his tongue and then his fingers.

The pirate had now placed a very muscular arm around Jay's midsection and was using the knife to shave hair off the inside of Jay's thighs. He was getting closer and closer with each stroke to the center of Jay's manhood.

"Pop took it once to Connecticut," Jay said. "Don't you remember, Rob? To New Bedford. Maybe this guy could thumb a ride from there, up to Boston and on to Quebec." The knife was now scraping lightly along the shaft of Jay's shrunken prick.

"This one's got brains as well as balls," the pirate said. "We'll go to Bedford. Now, back down the stairs, spread your legs, and bend forward. You're going to get fucked like you ain't never been fucked before. But I gotta keep your buddy in sight. I don't want him trying anything stupid."

He had removed his bandana to reveal shoulder-length hair, parted in the middle. He was younger than I had imagined earlier, certainly no older than Jay, and really quite small—but hung like a stallion. The prod that he was preparing to force into Jay's rectum looked to be a least nine inches.

"Take it easy," Jay shouted in pain. "Let me get adjusted to it. That's no toothpick you've got there."

"There's KY in my shaving kit on the sink," I yelled.

"You guys really travel in style," the pirate said. "You got each other, and all this food. You have no idea how hungry I am and how long it's been since I had a real fuck. All I've been able to do for the past six weeks since I got out is jack off."

"Out of what?" Jay asked.

"Did I say that? What I meant is, since I started traveling."

"Why are you rushing so? We got plenty of time," Jay said. "It'll take at least twenty minutes to get from here to the marina."

"Great," the pirate said. "That means I ought to be able to come at least twice."

He was a regular one-man band, pumping away for all he was worth from the rear, brandishing the fish knife in his right hand, and jacking Jay off with his left.

In spite of Jay's protests, I was fairly certain he was enjoying it, and when he started to climax I was positive of it.

"You're shooting cum all over the deck I just finished scrubbing," I yelled. Wad after wad kept flying out of the head of Jay's dick. I didn't think a guy's balls could hold so much.

"I can't help it," Jay gasped. "I've never had such a great fuck in my life. You won't believe what he does to you."

I believed. I was so hot just from watching the action on the cabin steps that I had my prick out and was already close to erupting myself.

"Save it," the pirate said to me. "Your brother is going to need nourishment when I get finished reaming him out."

"We're coming up to the marina," I said, zipping up my shorts. "You'll have to put some clothes on or keep out of sight. You don't want to get Luke all hot and bothered."

"Who's Luke?" the pirate asked.

"The marina owner's son, who tends the gas pump."

"Another of your asshole buddies?"

"I think he'd like to be sucked," Jay said. "He's pretty well built. We used to play tennis together, and sometimes afterwards we'd watch each other jack off in the shower. But his old man watches him like a hawk when I'm around."

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"He don't trust you," the pirate said with a snicker. "I don't either. Don't try anything stupid."

"I just hope Luke doesn't notice all the cum on the deck," I said.

"Looks like the floor in the shower room where they raped me the first time," the pirate said. "I was thirteen years old, and I didn't know from shit. I'd just discovered the joys of jacking off, and they caught me playing with myself."

"Who's they?" Jay asked.

"You ask too goddamned many questions," the pirate said. "Shut your mouth or I'll stuff my dong in there to keep you quiet."

"Promises, promises," Jay said with a giggle.

I couldn't believe my ears. He must really be turned on. Usually he'd submit to anything sexy suggested, but he was never the initiator. Either he'd had a fantastic awakening his freshman year in college or the pirate was a miracle worker.

"Where's Jay today?" Luke asked, as he filled the boat's gas tank. "I don't think I've ever seen one of you out on the boat without the other."

"He's below deck, putting away all the junk food he bought. I asked him to pick up food for the weekend, meaning fruit and cereal. What he bought was potato chips, boxes of cheese crackers, and a pepperoni pizza."

"So?"

"So I don't find that very nutritious."

"Where are you guys headed?" Luke asked.

"Probably out around Sandman's Island. We'll have a snack orgy and do some skin diving, I guess. We don't really have any plans. Want to come along?"

"Wouldn't I ever! But I'm practically chained here weekends. It's our busiest time."

"I'm going to have to charge the gas to pop's account," I said. "Jay spent all the gas money on snacks."

"No problem," Luke said. "Have a great time."

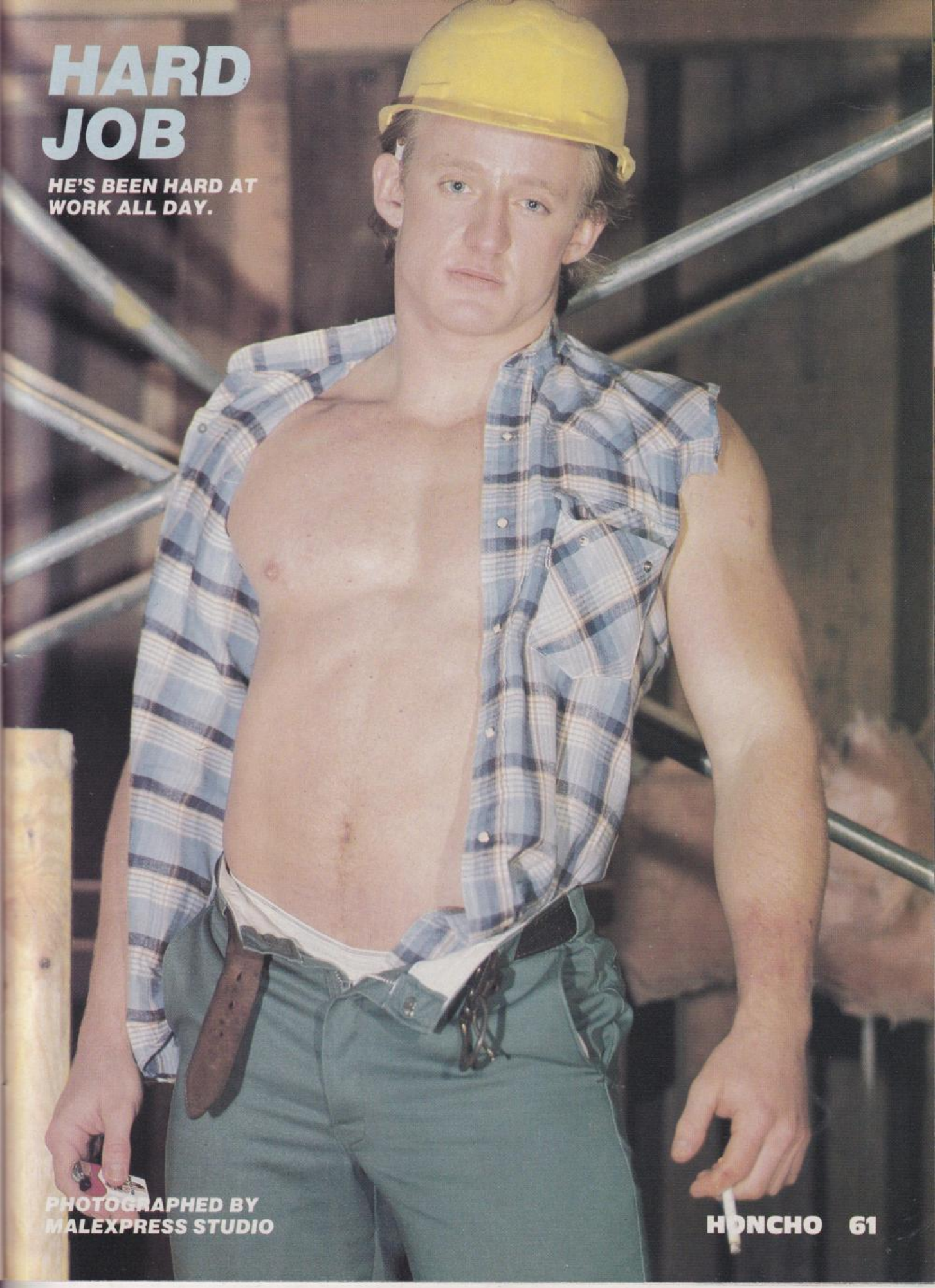
If he noticed the cum on the deck, he didn't say anything. I had fleetingly thought of trying to slip him a note, but Luke wasn't the brightest kid around. I really couldn't risk it with a knife-wielding pirate in the cabin watching my every move from the shadows.

After I got the boat past the marina breakwater and out into the sound, I called below. "All clear. We're on our way to Connecticut."

It was quite a while before Jay staggered up on deck. His prick, which was now almost as long as mine, looked as if it had been put through a clothes wringer. It was dribbling cum, but limp and dangling halfway to his knee.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

CONTINUED TO PAGE 68



HARD JOB

HE'S BEEN HARD AT WORK ALL DAY.

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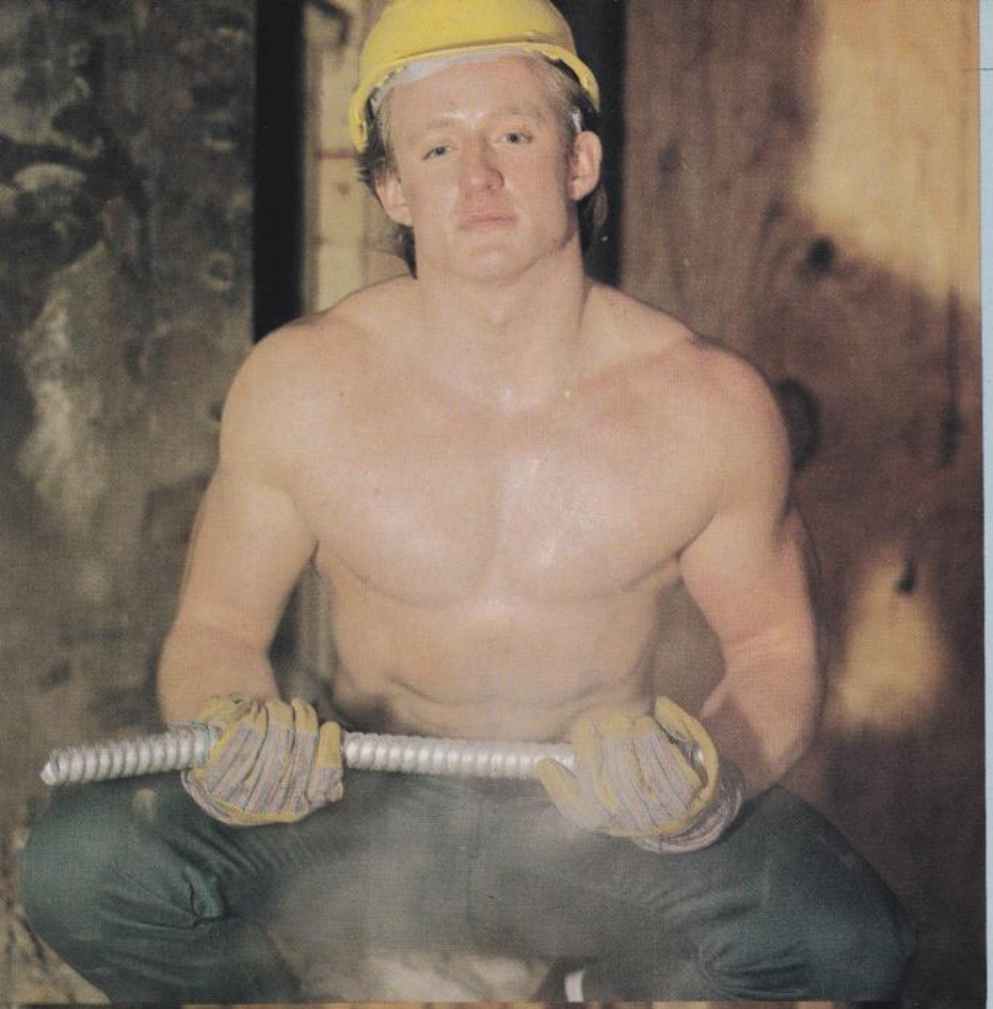

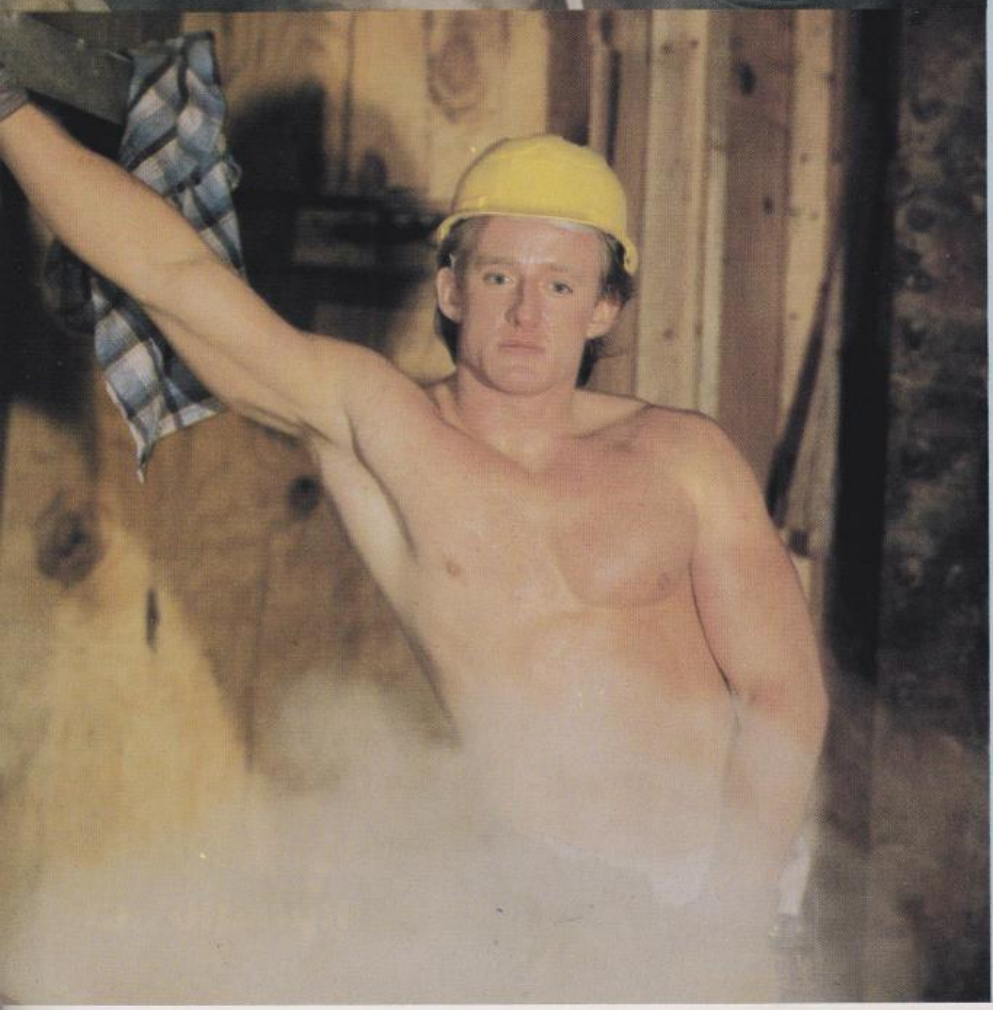

HARD JOB

WORK'S OVER. NOW HE WANTS SOMEONE TO WORK HIM OVER.

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PT TRUCKS
& UNLOADING
1-6 P.M

HARD JOB
HE GETS OFF WHEN THE JOB'S WELL DONE.

HARD JOB
IT'S A HARD JOB, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT.

PIRATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

"I got fucked and sucked at the same time," he said. "He's incredible. Let me take over up here. He wants you down below. See if you can figure out how he manages to keep going so long, building his partner up and up till you think you're going out of your mind. It's fantastic. I'm literally tingling all over."

"Has he told you anything about why he's on the run and who he's trying to get away from?"

"Not a word. But you won't believe how he can fuck."

"What are you two mumbling about up there?" growled the pirate, appearing suddenly at the head of the stairs. "Get your ass down here on the double, or I may have to do some ball pruning after all. This is really a great knife, sharp as a razor, but it smells of fish."

"Careful with that," I yelled, hurrying down into the cabin. "It's for cleaning fish. I just sharpened it."

"You do good work," the pirate said. "Now stretch out on the bunk. You're going to get your ass fucked by a man-sized tool."

"I've had others at school," I said, "but nothing like what you've got."

He knelt down between my legs, took my drooling cock between his lips, and cleaned off the secretions. Then he let it go and took my balls into his mouth one at a time, swishing them around inside their ballsac with a very powerful tongue. When he started fucking me with his mouth and throat, I immediately lost all control and let fly.

"You taste exactly like your brother," he said, licking his lips. "I never had two guys who were so alike. You're like twins, even though you're a year apart. Now to see if the asses are alike."

He buried his head in my crotch. His long hair was all over me, tickling my belly and thighs. He worked furiously on my tight asshole, lubricating it with spit and with the cum left over from my orgasm, then forcing apart the sphincter muscle with his tongue and then his fingers.

In spite of the fact that he had several inches on anybody who had ever fucked me before, he got his prick inside me without causing anywhere near the pain I was expecting. I guess I was as aroused as Jay had been earlier.

He set up a steady rhythm, plunging his huge cock deep inside my rectum and then pulling out until only the doorknob-sized head remained inside. He knew all there was to know about making the most of his length and girth. Toward the end, I was climaxing steadily, coating my belly and his with cum. I'd never come for so long before.

When he came, I could feel the spasming deep inside me, and then I felt his hot juices working their way back down his softening rod and out my distended asshole.

We were both sweating profusely and he was obviously tired. I'd experienced just one round. He had already gone several with Jay.

"Why don't you have a shower?" I suggested. "It'll restore your vigor. Then when you feel up to it, I can do you."

"Maybe I will," he said, "but you go up on deck with your brother while I get washed off. I don't want you doing anything foolish, like trying to grab the knife while I'm in there cooling off. They taught me how to fight dirty. I can ruin you *without* any weapons."

"Who's they?" I asked.

"You ask almost as many questions as your brother. Now, get out of here."

"Isn't he fantastic?" Jay asked, as I climbed to the upper deck and settled into one of the fixed chairs we use for deep-sea fishing.

"Yeah..." I replied, with very mixed emotions.

It was a gorgeous day, practically cloudless, but there wasn't another boat in sight. About the only thing I recognized was somebody out for a helicopter ride. They made a big circle back toward Long Island right around us. In the distance I could see the brownish line on the horizon that was Connecticut.

The pirate took quite a while in the shower, and when he came up to join us on deck, he was again dressed in his skin-tight jeans, T-shirt, and mocassins. His hair was wet from the shower, so he'd stuffed the bandana in his rear pocket. He was still carrying the fish knife.

"Well," he said, brandishing the knife

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MOUNTAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

from his navel to his cock bush, and the thick pelt at the base of his shaft was golden red.

Maurice sat down, and Gavin ran his fingers over the younger man's hairless chest and rippled tummy. Neither spoke. They were too busy soaking up the coziness of the room, the warmth of the fire, the beauty of each other's bodies.

Finally, Gavin said, "Good to have you here. Real good."

He clinked his bottle against that of his guest, who lay on his belly and stared up at the older man's body. "What do you do to get so thick and wide?" Maurice asked, brushing one of Gavin's pecs with the back of his hand. "I get definition from working out, but I don't get much bigger."

"Genes, I guess."

They were silent again for a minute or so, and then suddenly Gavin swatted Maurice's ass really hard. Maurice yelped in surprise, then rubbed his cheeks and grinned up at Gavin. "What was that for?"

"Just testing."

"And?"

"You pass." Gavin downed the last of his beer, then handed his empty can to Maurice. "Fetch."

When Maurice came back with two more beers, he saw that Gavin was completely hard. But the ample foreskin still covered most of his cockhead; the thick hood, a good two inches long, was dark and ruddy, in high contrast to Gavin's fair-skinned body.

"Lie between my legs," Gavin ordered.

Maurice lay on his belly and rested his cheek on Gavin's thigh, the hard-on curving downward and bobbing in front of Maurice's face. When he leaned in to kiss it, Gavin tugged him by the hair and barked, "Not yet. More beer first. Drink up."

Maurice took a sip, grazing Gavin's cock with the icy bottle. The gourd-shaped tool trembled upward from the chill, and the thick pelt between Gavin's ass cheeks parted so that Maurice could see the entrance to the older man's cave puckering in and out. Maurice let his eyes wander all over the man's body.

"I like havin' ya look at me like that. I like the hunger in your eyes," Gavin whispered, then chugged his beer.

Maurice chugged his, then wordlessly reached for Gavin's empty bottle, got up, and went to the kitchen for another round.

He bent forward and lathered Gavin's hog with spit, until every vein, every hair, every wrinkle of foreskin was glistening in the bright morning sun. Then he slid his fingers under the slimy ballsac and parted Gavin's ass cheeks.

"Some ripe butt you got there, Reese," said Gavin when Maurice returned. "I like Reese better than Moh-reese, by the way." He took a long swallow of beer and grinned as his newly rechristened guest returned to his place, belly-down between Gavin's legs. "Reese is your name 'long as you're with me. Got it?"

"Yes, sir. Reese, sir, reporting for duty."

Gavin grabbed Reese's hair, yanked his head back, and said evenly, "And that's the last wise-ass crack I wanna hear outta you. Got *that*?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

The game had begun in earnest now. Reese's cock swelled between his belly and the hard floor. Gavin let go of his hair, and Reese's face fell into his man's cock bush.

"Lick me under the balls—and don't touch my cock."

Reese licked the dank curls between Gavin's balls and asshole.

"That's it. Clean my seat off. It's the least you can do for me, considerin' the seven hours I spent drivin' your ass up here." He shoved himself hard into Reese's nose, but when Reese started to lick down into the ass crack, he was pulled him up by the neck hairs. "Not yet." The older man leaned away and started putting on his socks and work boots. "Get outside. I gotta piss."

Reese stood up, but then he saw Gavin bent over tying the last boot, and instantly he dived to the floor, grasped the boot, and started licking the salty leather laces, his tongue raking across Gavin's hair-tufted fingers, then sliding inside the sock to chew on the calf hairs.

"That's enough for now. Go on outside."

Reese did as he was told, Gavin right behind him.

"Step just off the edge. I don't wanta hafta piss too far."

Reese stepped off the porch and stood barefoot in the cool grass, then turned to face his man just in time to get the first of the spray square in the neck. When Reese's face and neck and chest and legs were stinging with piss, Gavin ordered him to turn around so he could hose down his back.

Finally, the flow stopped. Gavin shook off and came down to stand face to face with Reese. He kissed and sucked on Reese's ears, his nose, his lips, his tongue, then stood back and said, "Okay, so now I've got you the way I want you—ripe and seasoned, smellin' of beer and sweat and ball juice and piss. Time to get some real use out of you."

With that, he picked Reese up, slung him over his shoulder, and carried him to a clearing in the back yard. He set him down by an oak tree that was so tall and broad-

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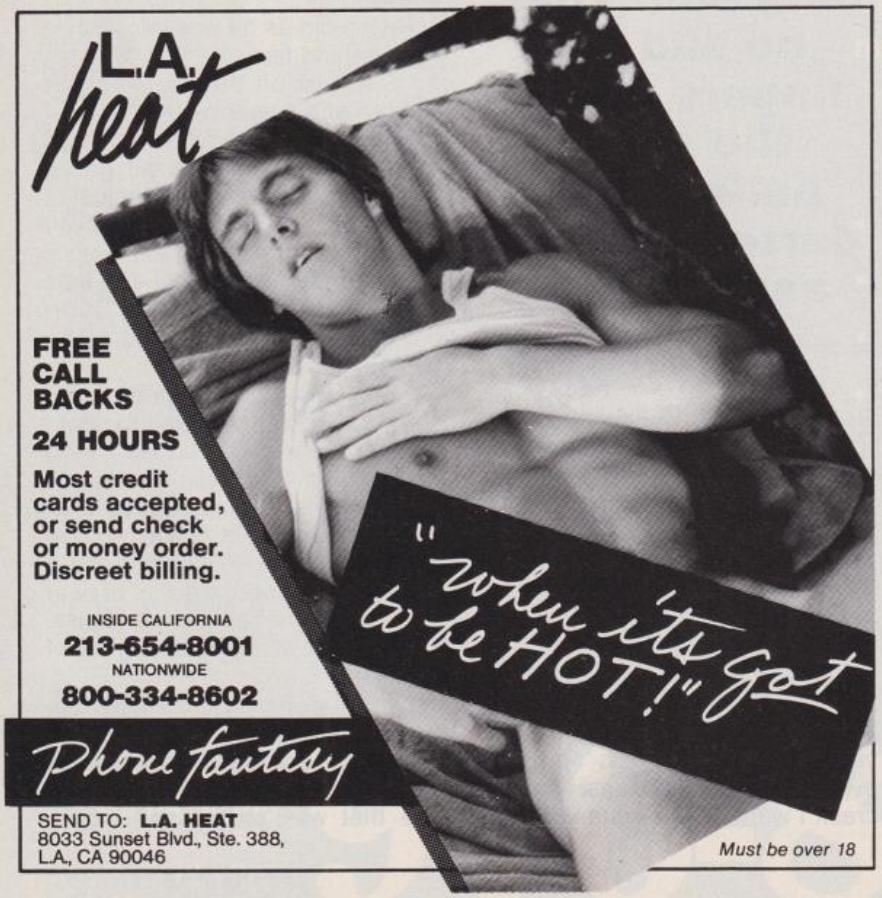

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limbed Reese couldn't see the top of it. In the starry, moonlit night, its branches seemed to be holding up the sky.

"Get your butt up in the air," Gavin commanded, "your head on the ground, your spine against that tree trunk."

Reese rested his head in the earthen cup between two of the tree's exposed roots. Then he raised his butt above him and leaned his back against the tree trunk. Gavin walked over to him, squatted over his ass, spit down into it, and rubbed the juice all over.

"Lookit that pretty hole. Feel that finger of mine slidin' into it? Feels good, huh? Yeah, open up for me. Lemme get another finger up in there. That's it. Yeah, good boy, good doggie."

Reese's ass was burning from the wide-spread fingers. There were three of them now, flexing as they slid in and out, then four, then five. Gavin leaned forward, spit a couple more gobs at Reese's hole, then abruptly yanked his fingers back and downward, ripping them out of the sore ass and at the same time pulling Reese over and forward and down into instant doggie position between the tree roots. Before the younger man had a chance to recover from the shock of being so quickly and violently reamed out and repositioned, his elder had shoved his cock where his fingers had been—all the way inside in a single plunge. Reese hissed his anger and strained to open his hole wider, so he could take the invasion without being split in two.

"Jesus Christ, you're so fucking big! Feels like you're gonna come right out my navel! Take it easy!"

Gavin paid not the slightest heed to Reese's protest. He started pumping furiously, banging Reese against the tree with each thrust. When the fucker's grunts and moans indicated that he was fast approaching the point of no return, he suddenly ripped himself out, flipped Reese over on his back, and unloaded all over the younger man's belly and chest. And with the first drop of juice that touched his skin, Reese exploded all over himself.

When they were both done, Gavin lay down and ran his fingers across Reese's belly, then held them out. "Here. Lick us off. Eat our juices off my hand. Good boy. Yeah, that's a good boy. Good doggie."

By the time Gavin had finished swabbing their bodies down with a warm, damp wash cloth, the fire was almost out. He added another log, stoked it to a roaring blaze, then climbed under the comforter and slipped his big arms around Reese. They slipped off together into a deep, deep sleep.

Next morning it was very hot. After breakfast, Gavin suggested that they soak up some sun. Since it was a suggestion, not an order, Reese got the picture that it was time for a little switcheroo.

They took a large canvas tarpaulin and a small cooler of beer into the back yard, and when Gavin bent over to spread the tarp, Reese set the cooler down and toppled him to the ground, then reared back on his haunches and positioned his rock-hard cock directly over Gavin's face. "Eat it, you fucker. You know you want it. Take it down your throat."

Gavin opened his mouth obediently but couldn't help gagging when Reese rammed the whole eight inches down his throat in one swift plunge. On his knees behind Gavin's head, Reese could see the older man stretched out before him, playing with his own cock as he sucked and slurped on the dick buried in his throat.

Suddenly, Reese knocked Gavin's hand away and hissed, "No you don't. That's mine."

He bent forward and lathered Gavin's hog with spit, until every vein, every hair, every wrinkle of foreskin was glistening in the bright morning sun. Then he slid his fingers under the slimy ballsac and parted Gavin's ass cheeks. Still slurping away, Gavin squirmed and swung his big thighs open and closed as Reese tore into his butthole.

"That's right, you little fucker. You just keep eating while I give this moose butt of yours the workout it's been craving."

He shoved three, then four fingers into Gavin's asshole. He spit down into the crack and watched it open wider until all five of his fingers were inside. At the same time, he pumped his dick mercilessly in and out of Gavin's mouth. Then all of a sudden, Reese stiffened and jerked and blew out a huge load.

Gavin ate his hot breakfast gratefully, not losing a single drop. When Reese withdrew the softening rod, and his fingers, Gavin looked up and said, "Man, that's the best torture my hole's ever had. You're really something. Shower time?"

Reese started toward the house, but Gavin took him by the arm and steered him in the opposite direction. They walked over the ridge behind the cabin and down a well-worn trail to the base of the small waterfall Gavin had mentioned back in the city. They climbed halfway up the steep bank beside it and then made their way out onto the partially dry rock shelf that ran all the way across the fall, about ten feet under the top of it. Once they got their bearings, they stepped forward and let the spray wash the sperm from their bodies. Then Reese knelt, the water cascading over his back, and took Gavin's cock into his mouth. He worked gently but steadily, and soon the offering he had give Gavin on the tarp was returned in kind.

But Gavin didn't go soft when he was done. Reese stood up and each took the other's cock in his hand and squeezed possessively. They held tight to their handles as they kissed deeply, mingling their spit and the remnants of each other's cum.

High on the mountain, inside the waterfall, their mouths remained locked together for a time. When they ended the kiss, they put their arms around each other's waists and gazed through the mist at the green valley stretching out below them. They felt like the joint rulers of a vast kingdom, a kingdom whose laws they would make together, and change at will as they saw fit, as they desired. Yes, desired. That was it. . . a kingdom of desire. The waterfall was their throne, the cabin their palace, the summer the beginning of their reign. Each would be an absolute monarch over his man's life. They would rule only each other.

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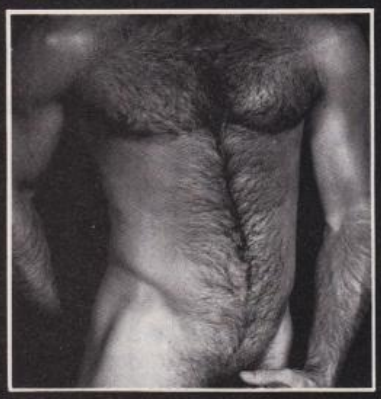

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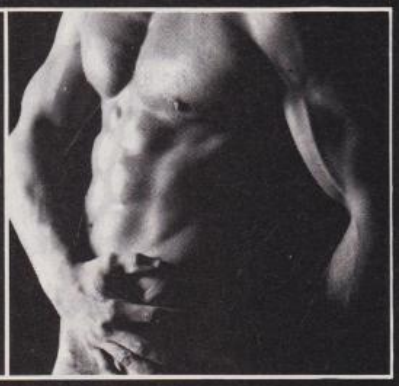

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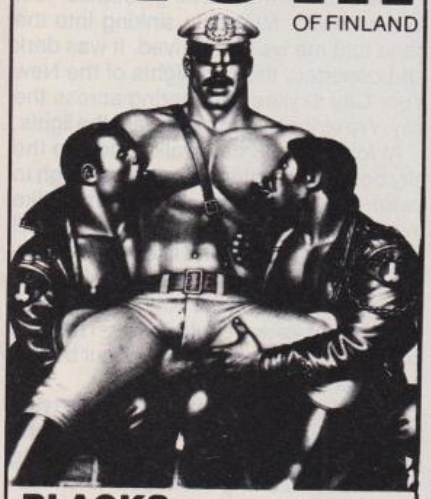

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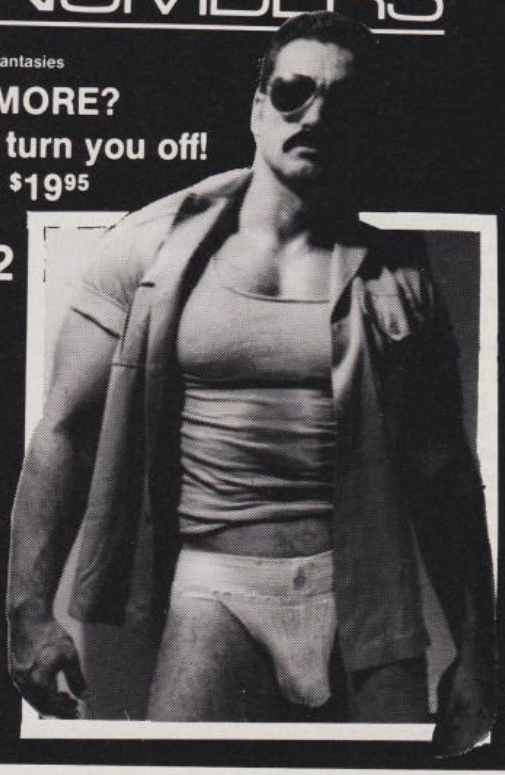

You Must Be Over 18

Summertime And Some Are Hot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

to people on the boardwalk, because there were only eight bodies in the room. At the far end of the bar, in front of the prickless pixie, sat a young guy with a black helmet next to him. To the left of me, by the titless tinker bell, were three old geezers, glued to the stools, drooling.

But still, fifty cents for draft beer made it an easy place to like. It even left me enough money to buy some smokes. The cigarette machine was at the end of the bar by the guy watching the dude dancing, so I grabbed some quarters and headed for it. Halfway there, the guy gets up and goes to the toilet. I don't know if it was his tight-looking ass or the seven beers I had guzzled already, but all of a sudden I had to piss like a race horse.

The bathroom was one of them old types with two big urinals, filthy white tile, and a twenty-five-watt bulb. We stood there draining our lizards.

"How's it goin'?" I said.

"This beer is sure goin'." He laughed. "Goin' through me faster than shit through a goose."

"Is that your bike outside?" I asked.

"Yeah. You ride too?"

Talkin' trash while we pissed, I caught him looking at my dick.

"Can I buy ya a beer?" he said, his eyes riveted on my hot yellow stream.

"Sure." I pulled on my cock and shook off the last few drops of piss, then pulled it again slowly while he watched, his swelling cock telling me what I wanted to know: this sucker was mine.

"Let's have that beer and talk about. . . that," I said, pointing to the big hog between his legs.

I bought my cigarettes and dropped my butt next to my new, big-dicked drinkin' buddy. A fresh bottle was waiting for me, foam running down its side and onto the bar. Hours passed as we bullshit, drank, and pissed. We both knew it was just a matter of time until I gave him the greatest fuck he'd ever had.

"Let's get out of this friggin' dive," Al said after a while. "I got beer at my place, and the price is a whole lot cheaper."

"Sounds good to me."

We grabbed our shit off the bar and headed for the door.

"Thanks, fellas," the bartender said as we passed the three old guys still drooling in their drafts.

We stumbled out into the muggy night air, and I cranked up my machine. He used his electric starter.

"You like that Jap bike?"

"It'll take your ass any time. . . "

His voice trailed off as he pushed first gear to the limit. The son of a bitch might be right, I thought, chasing his smoke.

His apartment was the kind that's real easy to keep clean: one room with a bed, a hot plate, and a fridge. He grabbed two cold beers, kicked the door shut with his boot, and tossed a can across the room to me.

"Hit the button on the radio, will ya?" he said, collapsing onto the bed. "It ain't much, but it's home."

I did as he asked, then fell onto the mattress next to him and cracked open the can. The beer sprayed all over. It wasn't that fuckin' funny, but the two of us started laughing our asses off. Al shook his can and let the golden juice fly, soaking both of us and starting a beer battle that stopped only because we ran out of liquid ammo. While Al went for fresh cans, I stripped off my wet shirt.

"We can't waste anymore," he said when he returned, "'cause I only got a six-pack left."

"You can suck my shirt," I said, in a smart-ass voice.

"And you can suck this!" He smirked as he unzipped his pants. Then he plopped his ass back down on the edge of the bed and started pulling off his boots. "Gimme a hand with these, will ya?"

He swung his legs around and stuck the greasy, black leather boots in my face. The smell of gasoline and road tar burned in my nostrils.

"Ya like them boots, man? Wanna lick my slimy shoes?"

His voice was strong, and full of authority. Somewhere along the line, I had lost control. I felt my tongue slip past my lips and slide up the full length of his filthy boot.

"Take off the rest of your clothes," he demanded.

I stripped and stood by the edge of the bed, waiting for my next instruction.

"Pull my pants off."

My hands reached for his jeans. The game we were playing was moving faster now, and Al was making up all the rules. This was the first time I had ever been on the dominated end, but it felt good, natural. I liked Al being in charge.

As I tugged his pants off, he chugged the rest of his beer and crushed the can.

"Get me another, then lay your ass down here," he ordered. I obeyed.

"The trouble with all you hog jockeys is you always need a bath."

He started to pour the cold beer over my chest, down the hairline on my belly, and onto my cock. Then he guzzled the rest and climbed on top of my legs. He rubbed the brew over my nipples and into my armpits, then slid his rough hands up my arms and pressed down, pinning me to the bed.

Looking up into those hypnotic steel-blue eyes, I felt completely helpless; yet I knew that if I wanted to throw him off, I could. I just didn't want to.

"I watched you walk in the bar lookin' all tough and shit. You probably think you set this little party up, huh?" He laughed. "Well sucker, it's my beer, my bed, and your *ass*!"

The time had come to see who really was in control.

My mind and body strained against his. The more I pushed, the more he pressed. I felt my body heat rise and my dick swell as his balls lay heavy on my groin. His cock stiffened and slid alongside mine. He lowered himself and let all his weight fall on me. My skin, wet from the heat and beer, stuck to his.

"It's my turn to give the fuckin' orders," I said as I pushed him up and over the edge of the bed.

We landed on the floor with a thud that shook the room. He grabbed my nuts and squeezed.

"If you wanna keep these, you'd better do like I say."

For the most part I don't listen to nobody. But when a guy's got you by the balls, you gotta pay attention.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I wanna get up off this sandy floor," he said as he squeezed harder and brought me to my feet.

We stood there facing each other—wet, drunk, covered with dirt, and him holding my family jewels. We laughed so hard we almost died. Then he dropped my nuts and went for some more beer.

"Let's take the rest of these and go hit the ocean and cool off."

The smell of the sea air guided our feet to the beach. My boots sinking into the sand told me we had arrived. It was dark and deserted, the faint lights of the New York City skyline glimmering across the bay. We stripped and ran toward the lights.

At low tide you can walk almost to the city before the water gets deep enough to swim. Al and I ran for what seemed like miles until it was finally deep enough to fall into. We flopped around like seals, spraying each other with mouthfuls of water, picking things up off the bottom, skimming them as far as we could throw. The cool water felt great as it cleaned off our bodies and cleared our beer brains.

There's nothing better then partying bare-ass with a friend, splashing around in the water, I thought as we stood facing New York, catching our breath and emptying our bladders. I remembered that the first time I ever had my cock sucked was right here at this beach.

They say you remember only two blowjobs—your very first and your most recent. Now it was time to make a new memory. It would be easy, I thought, as I looked over at Al's hard, smooth body glistening in the dim light. He had his head tilted back and

CONTINUED TO PAGE 88

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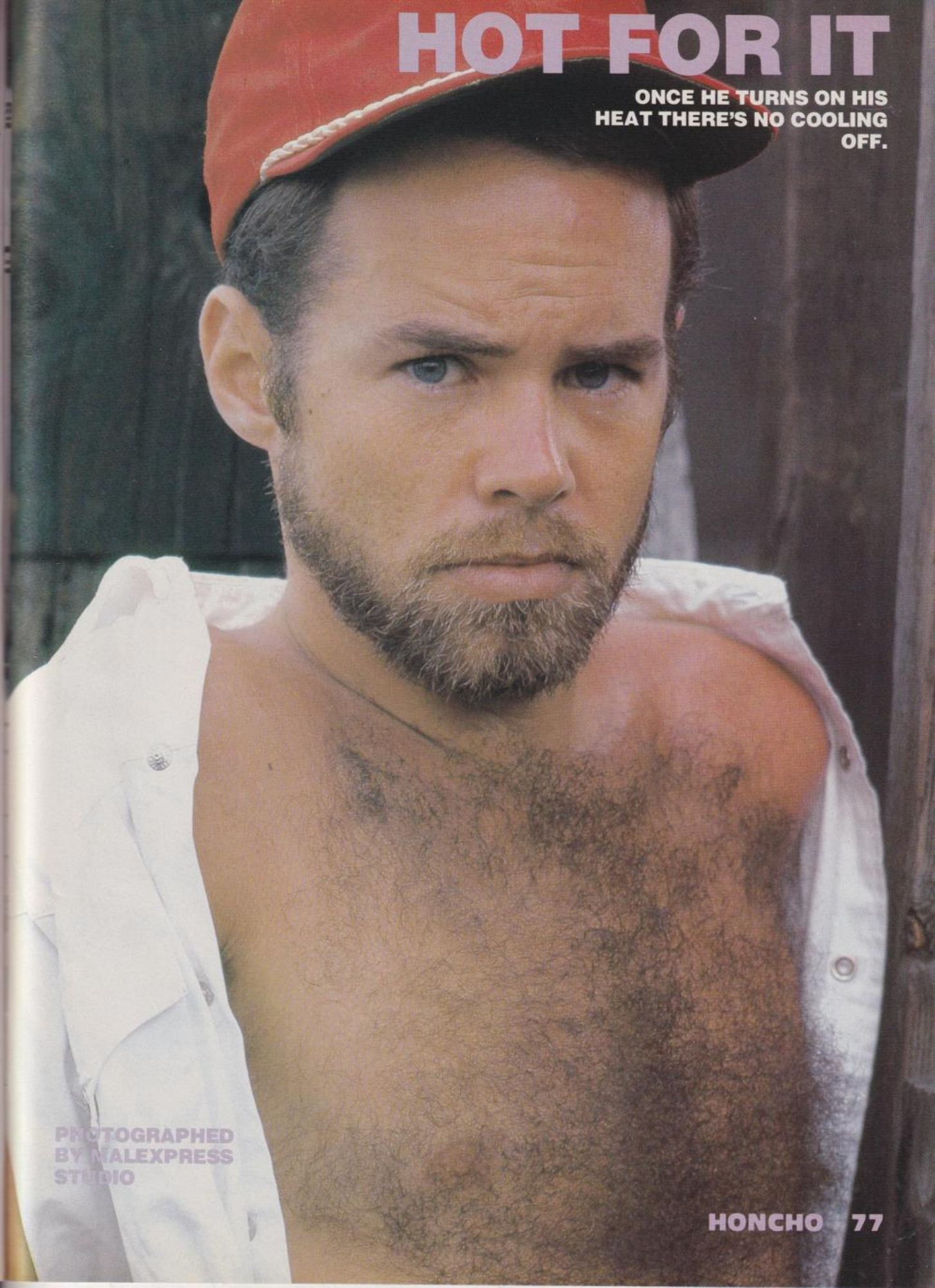

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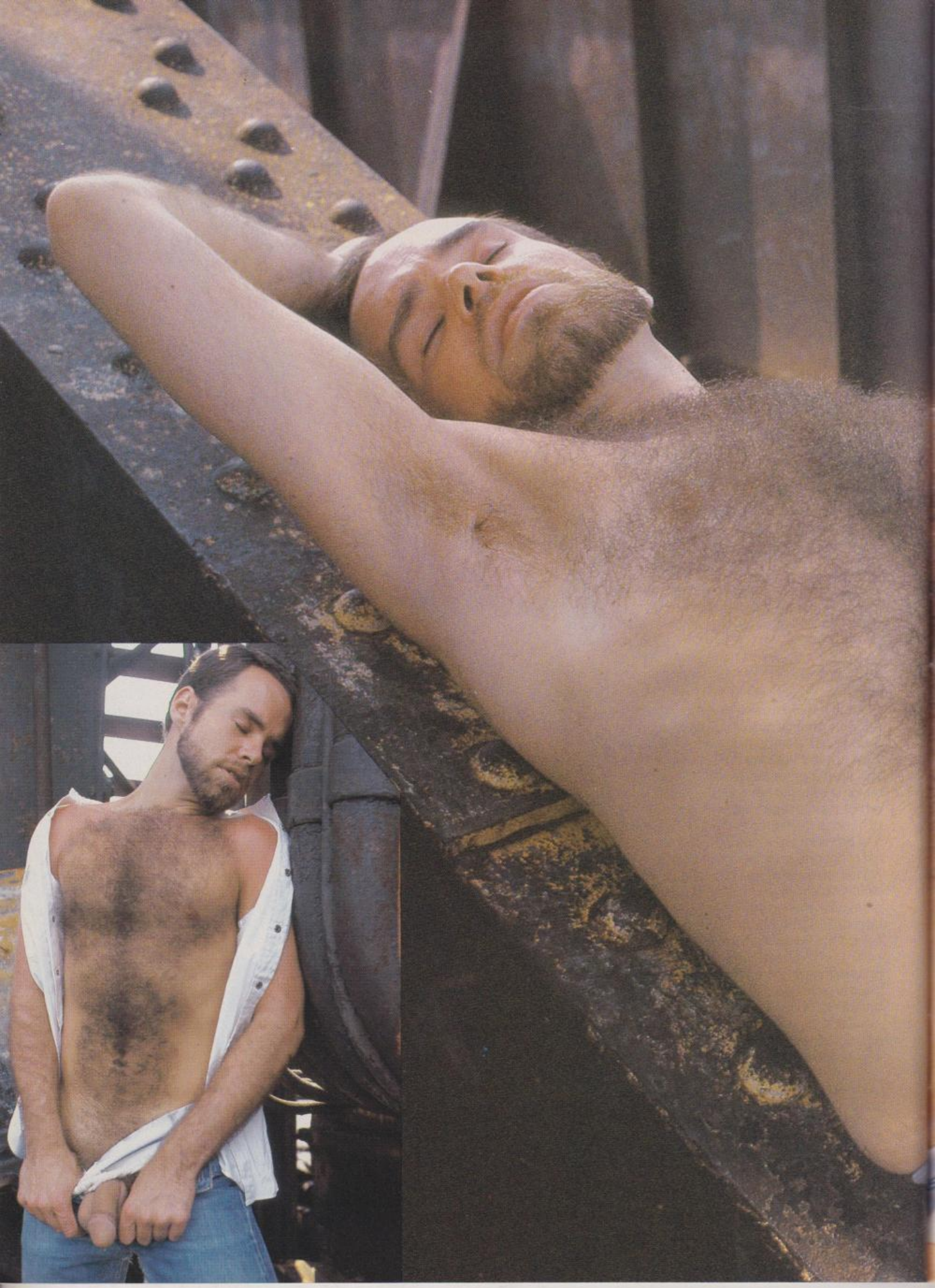

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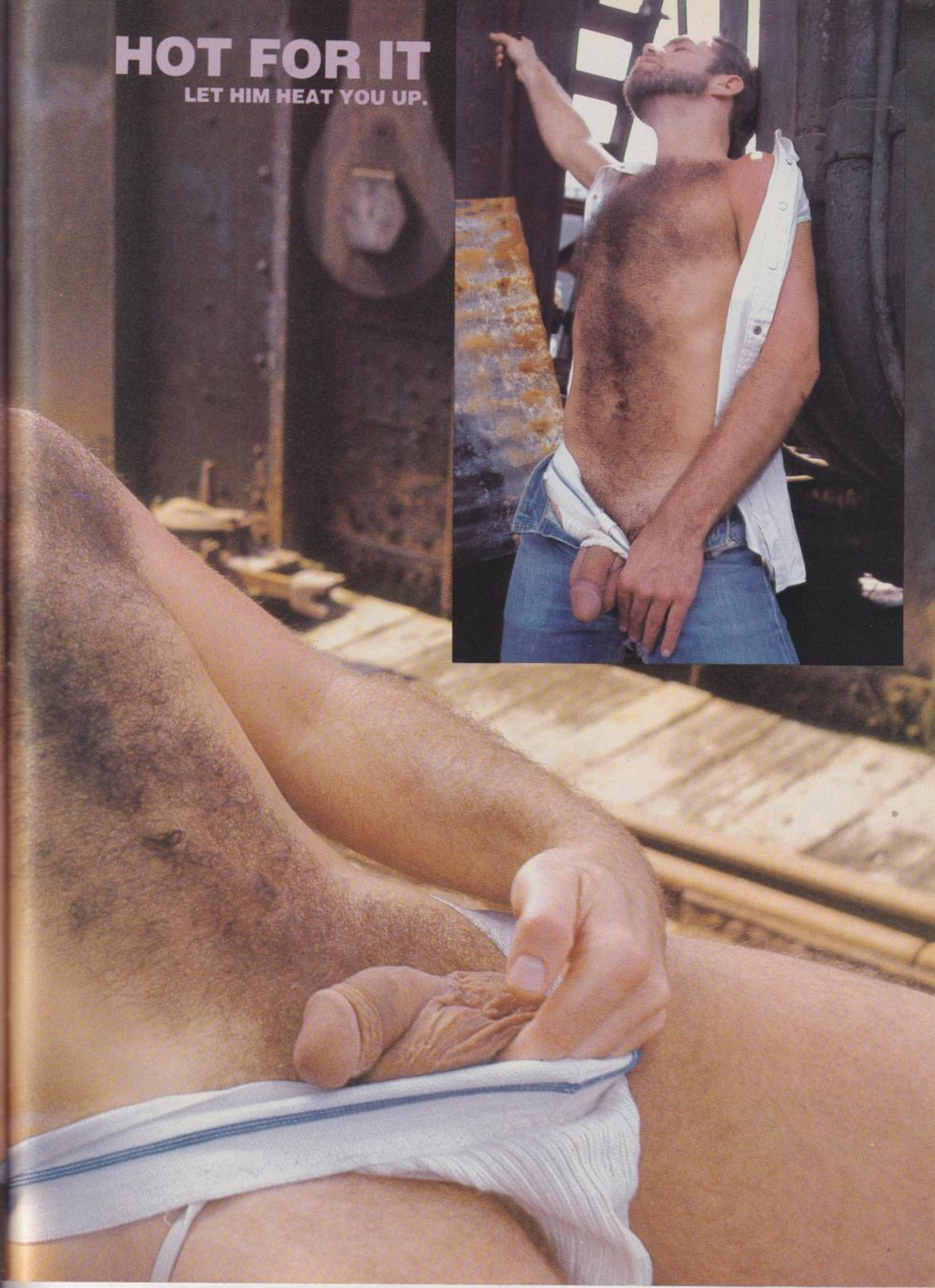

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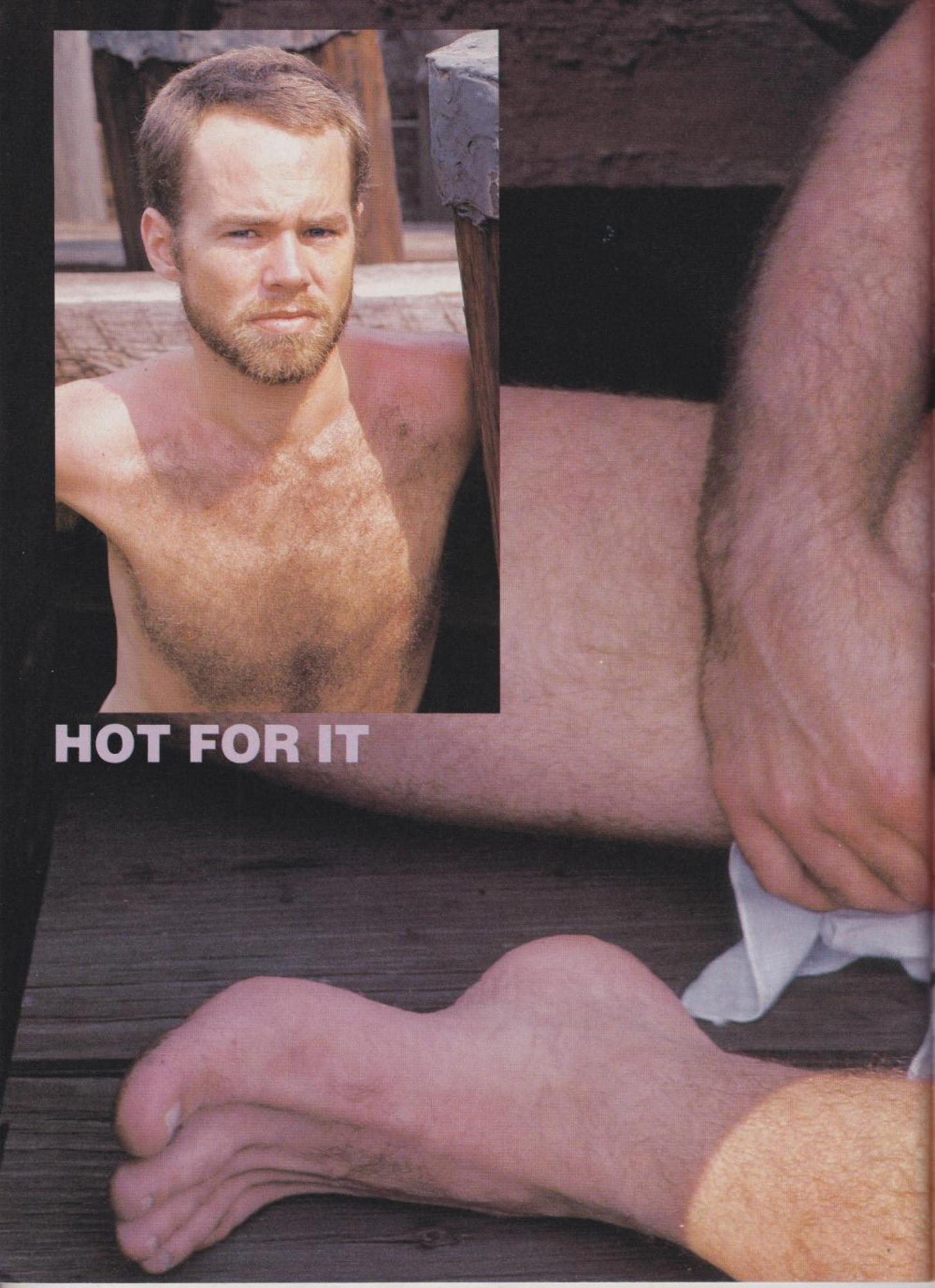

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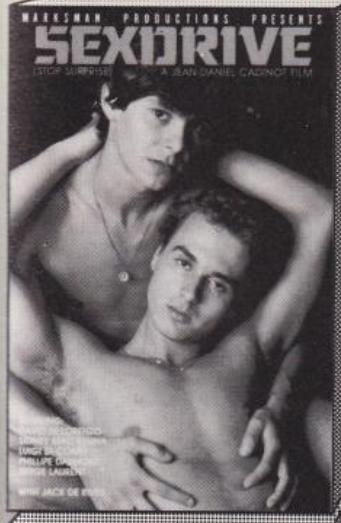

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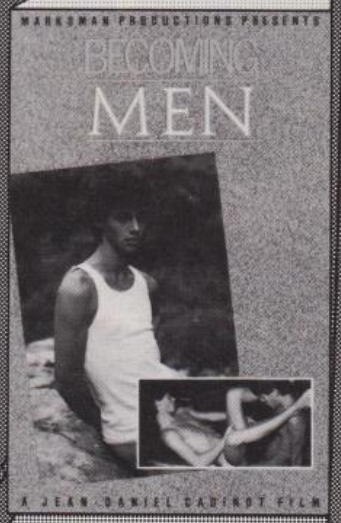

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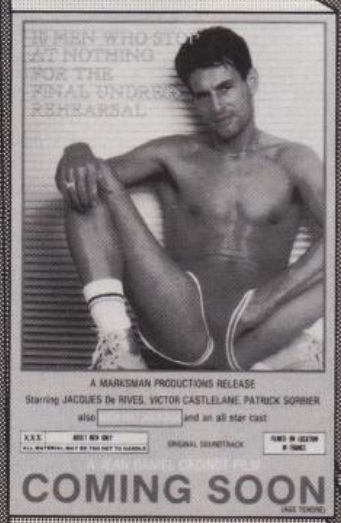

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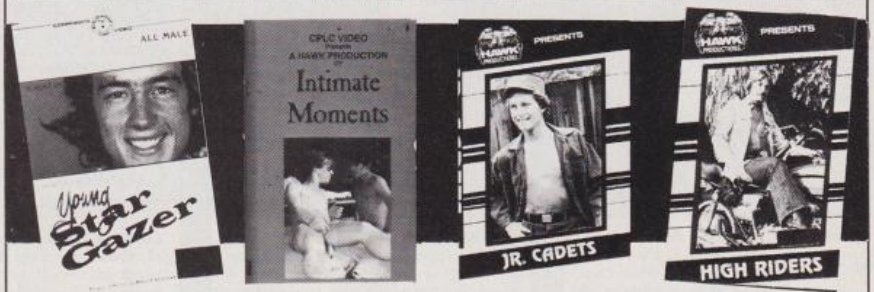

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Summertime And Some Are Hot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

was running his fingers through his wet hair.

"You want me to show you something I learned here a long time ago?" I said with a broad smile across my face.

"I'm game."

Moving in front of him, I dropped down into the knee-high water and grabbed his big, firm balls, which had shriveled in the cool of the night, and I began to rub them gently. The skin relaxed with my touch, allowing them to hang freer, and his cock grew straight, long, and thick. Cupping my hand under his shaft, I stroked it while I pulled on his low-hangers. Al stood there with his hands on his hips, a smile on his lips, not the hard-ass look he had had when we were fucking around at the apartment.

"Let me know if you like this" I said as I slipped the head of his cock between my lips.

He answered with a soft moan as his hands held the back of my head and guided its motion, slowly at first, so that I could feel every inch of him with my lips; then he began to arch his body and push his cock deeper into my throat.

"Suck me, baby. Suck me."

I swallowed him whole just as his hot load burst into my mouth. His big nuts crawled up inside him as he emptied them, leaving my fingers holding his empty, wrinkled sac while his body shuddered through orgasm.

Finished, he fell backward like a huge oak, yelling, "Timber," laughing all the way down. "That's the best fuckin' blowjob I had since, since yesterday," he said. Then, still laughing, he grabbed my legs and pulled me down into the water.

"You're an ungrateful fuck—you know that?" I said.

"Your right. But now let me show you something *I* learned a long time ago."

He threw his arms around me, hugged me like a bear, and kissed me hard and long. Then he eased his face away from mine and, still holding me tightly, said, "Let's go back to the beach, and I'll give you your turn."

We raced back to where we had left our clothes. Al spread his shirt out on the sand and pointed.

"Lay your little ass on that," he said.

I lay down, and Al stood over me, salt water dripping off of his cock and onto my chest. He lowered himself to his knees and spread my legs.

"You just relax and let an expert show you a trick or two," he said, his face falling onto my chest.

My nipples, hard from the cool water, welcomed the warmth of his mouth. I relaxed as he had told me to do and let him take charge.

He licked the salt off of me like a dog, and then his tongue traveled down to my stiff prick. This guy could suck-start a Harley, I thought, as he vacuum-pumped my piss slit, his hands squeezing my ass, holding me up off the ground. He sat up and pressed his rock-hard dick against my asshole. Spitting into his hand, he rubbed the saliva on the both of us, then eased his hog between my cheeks. As he slid into me, he cracked open a can of beer and poured it onto my prick. The silky foam rinsed off the sand and let his hand glide smoothly up and down my shaft, and with long, even strokes he brought me to the edge, all the while shoving his pole deeper into me. I lifted my legs higher and held onto his thighs. His thick cock was streching my asshole, sending pain and pleasure signals through my entire body.

This was not the first time I'd been on the bottom, but it sure was the best. Looking up into Al's face, I could see the sparkle of animal lust in his deep-blue eyes, the fire of the master. I was closer to him after these few short hours than I had been to anyone else before him. Watching him, feeling him, tasting his cum still in my mouth, brought me quickly to the point of no return.

"Fuck me, Al! Fuck me!" I yelled as my cum flew into the air and his cock exploded inside me.

When we had shot our loads, he fell on top of me. His hot, wet lips found mine, and we finished the moment with a kiss. Then he rolled off me and onto the sand. I lay there looking up at the stars as he opened another can of beer.

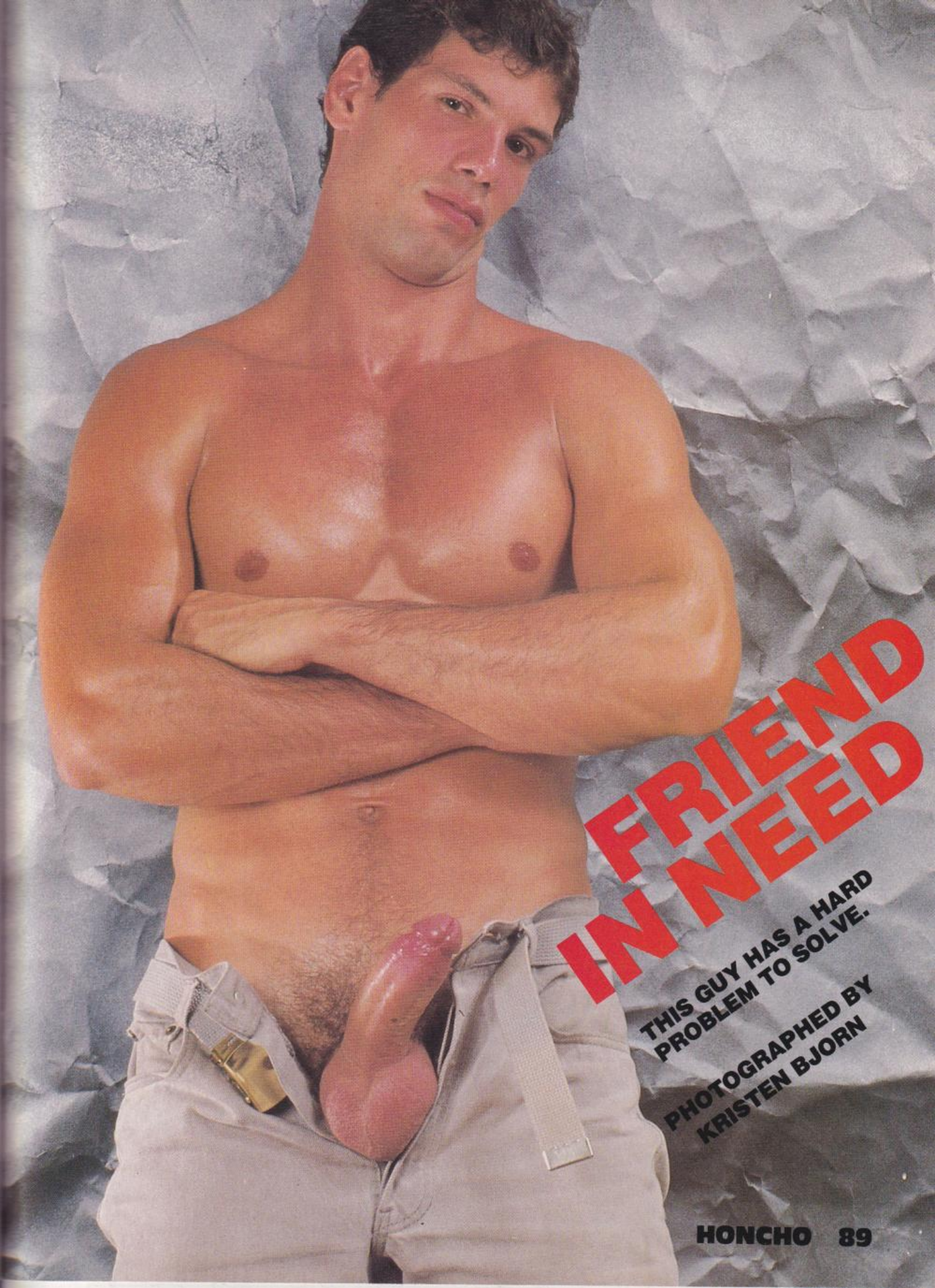
"We'll have to share this. It's the last one," he said.

All of a sudden a deep voice from the pitch black nearby broke into our private party. "I got more beer, and I'll be happy to share it if you two can get those fuckin' things between your legs hard again."

"Where the fuck did you come from?" Al said.

"Sorry, buddy, but you guys dropped your asses right in front of me, and I didn't want to disturb you...till you was finished. Anyway, I got beer, and I'm hotter than a three-dollar hooker. So?"

Al looked at me and shrugged. I shrugged back, then grinned at our friendly neighborhood voyeur and said, "Break out the suds and take off your duds. It's party time!" ■



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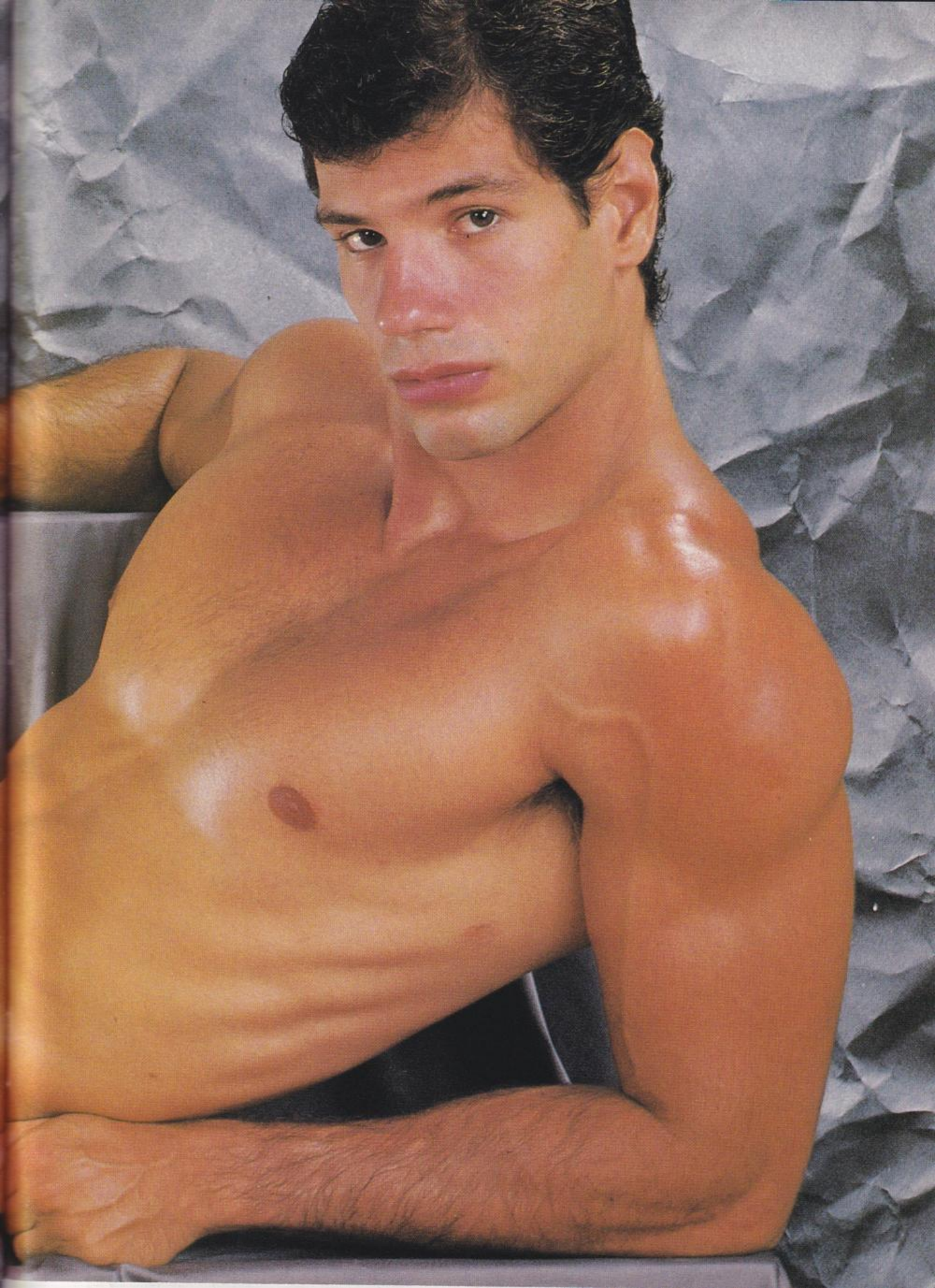

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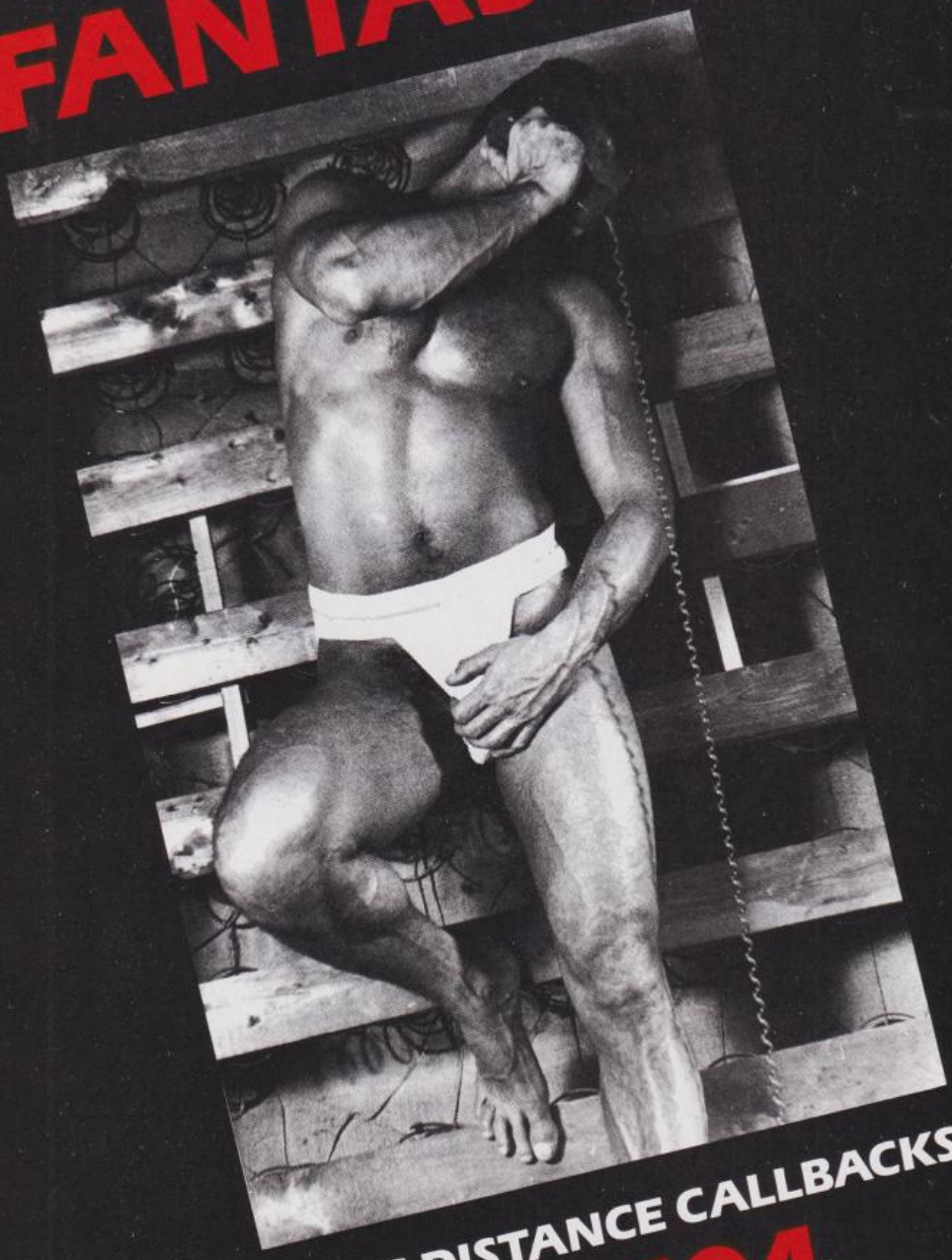

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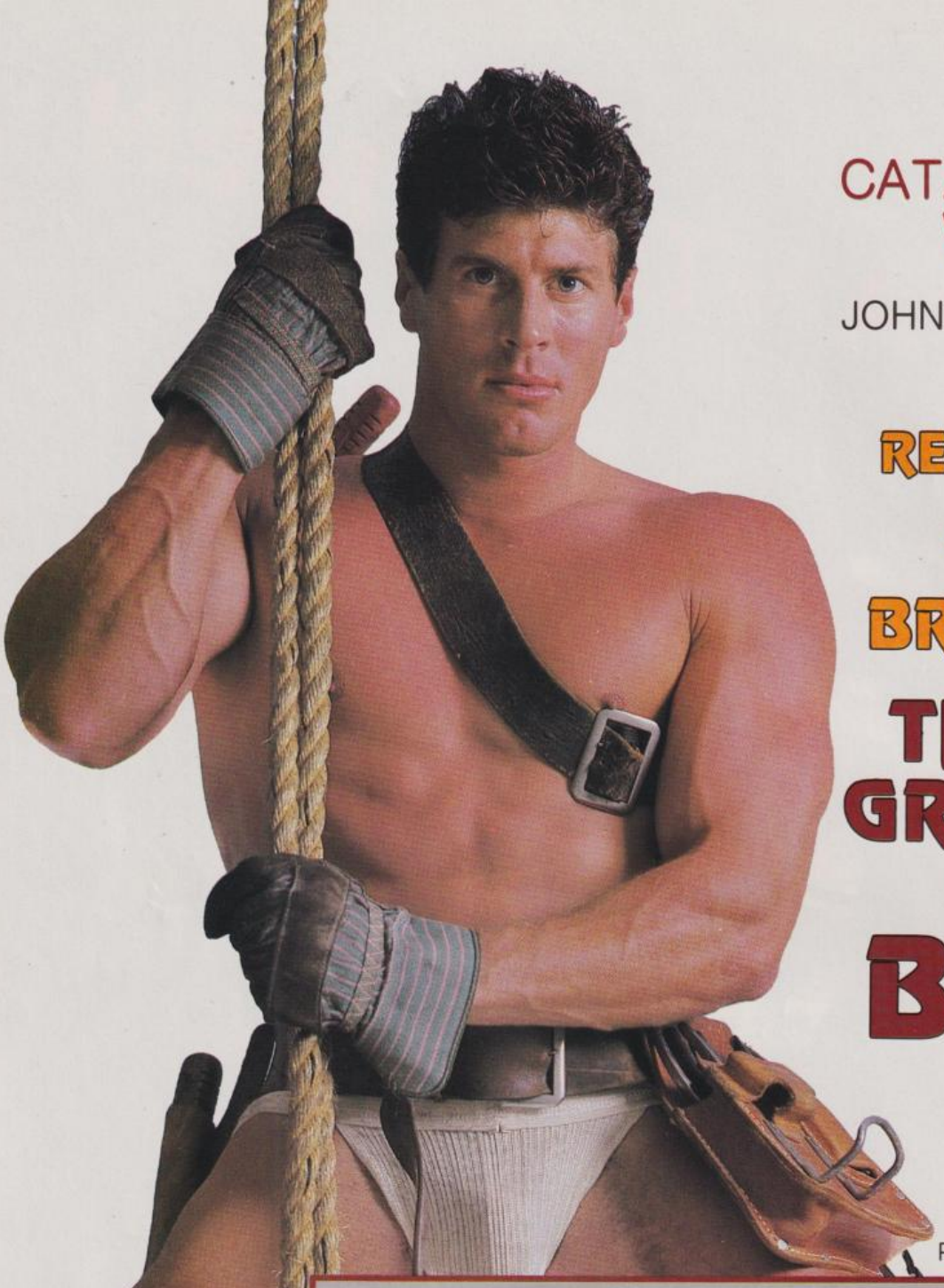

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